

**Comment
Of The
Day**

AIR FARES

THREE British airlines are now trying to start cut-price economy services to Hongkong. They may be certain of stiff opposition from the biggest carrier on this route—Boac. But there is no doubt how most of the travelling public feel about a plan that involves using internationally acceptable aircraft at half the fare. The applications by Eagle, Hunting-Clan and Airwork deserve to succeed. The present agreed scale of fares is justified by the fact that many outlying services are uneconomic and are subsidised by those that are more profitable. If agreements regulating international air fares were abandoned the ensuing price war would result in drastically reduced operations. Since Boac is a Commonwealth line with many unprofitable small traffic routes the British Government will find the argument difficult to counter if the present wide scale of operations is to continue. Boac has been built up to its present size both with taxpayers' money and a virtual Government promise to underwrite any substantial setback. So the Government is unlikely to begin undermining what it has so carefully cultivated.

WITH these issues fare-paying passengers can feel little sympathy. Nor can they feel cheerfully disposed to monopoly practices which keep fares at what others consider to be almost twice their economic level. The high cost of new aircraft will be cited as another reason why fares are being maintained at a high rate, but no one has proved that passengers will be any the worse off for greater competition. Hongkong stands to benefit by having as many airlines as possible serving the Colony. The cheaper the fares, the more people will come and the more they will have to spend. All true supporters of private enterprise—on which this Colony's prosperity is based—must hope that the new airline services are approved.

JAPANESE IDEAS TO BE INTRODUCED TO HONGKONG
My Zoo Plans, by Mr Chang

Laichikok To Be Developed If I Get The Land I Want

by GERRY XAVIER

Mr C. K. Chang, managing director of the Laichikok Amusement Park, told me yesterday about plans to give Hongkong a bigger and a more attractive zoo. The present one at Laichikok, he said, was too small to qualify for the description of a zoo. "It is really no more than an exhibition of animals," he said.

The steady increase in the number of visitors to the Laichikok Amusement Park ever since animals were displayed there has convinced Mr Chang that a zoo will be popular. He is aware of the controversies that have been raging over this issue.

Uncertain

There is one uncertain factor underlying Mr Chang's plans—the lease on part of the land on which the Amusement Park stands expires in June this year. The realisation of Mr Chang's plans hinge on the removal of the lease on this land for a further term. The present area of the Amusement Park is 200,000 square feet, 60,000 of which is privately-owned land. More than half the 200,000 square feet will be allotted to build the zoo should Government renew the lease. The present zoo site is 50,000 square feet.

Japanese Lines

Mr Chang plans to build his zoo along Japanese lines, comprehensive and attractive. It will also incorporate in it an aquarium on the lines of one he saw in a Japanese zoo. He was sold on the idea that a Japanese-style zoo will appeal to the Hongkong public. He has no Whipsnade or Taronga Park in mind. The space shortage in Hongkong will never permit it, he said. Mr Chang plans to approach Government at a later date for a site of hilly land between Castle Peak Road and the Laichikok bus terminus, adjacent to the Park.

Baked Beans' Commercial Sounded Like Star's Voice

London, Feb. 6. Scottish film actor Allister Sim, today lost his appeal in a case in which he sought an injunction against a British television company for allegedly using an imitation of his voice in a commercial for baked beans. The court of appeal upheld the judgment of a lower court on the grounds that 58-year-old Mr Sim had not shown that irreparable damage would otherwise ensue. Mr Sim objected to a television cartoon in which an act extolled the excellence of a brand of baked beans.

Complained

He complained that the voice of the character was so similar to his own that a restaurant manager and several friends thought it was him speaking. Dismissing the appeal with costs, Lord Justice Hutton said it was no doubt arguable that Mr Sim was entitled to protect his voice as an actor. But he had not shown the court that it should interfere on the ground that unless it did, so irreparable damage would ensue.—Reuter.

Acera Short Of Water

Acera, Feb. 6. The City of Acera, which has been in the grip of a severe drought for the past two and a half months, is to receive an emergency water supply from the Volta River, 55 miles away, from tomorrow. A fifth of the present daily residential consumption of 2,000,000 gallons—400,000 gallons—will be piped through. Immediately after his return today from a 12-day visit to Nigeria, the Prime Minister, Dr Kwame Nkrumah, held a two-hour meeting to discuss the drought crisis, which is expected to continue till mid-March.—Reuter.

Cyprus Problem

Zurich, Feb. 6. Greek and Turkish Premiers and Foreign Ministers with their advisers tonight resumed discussions on the Cyprus problem after a morning meeting in which officials of both sides described as "cordial and frank".—Reuter.

U.S. Launches Its Biggest Rocket

Cape Canaveral, Feb. 6. An American long range Titan ballistic missile was launched from Cape Canaveral today.

Chinese New Year Holidays

The China Mail will not be published on Monday but will resume publication on Tuesday with an early edition. The Sunday Post Herald will appear as usual tomorrow. The South China Morning Post will not appear on Monday or Tuesday.

Tokyo To Spend £15,000 On Akihito's Wedding

Tokyo, Feb. 6. The Tokyo Metropolitan Government said today it had decided to spend 15 million yen (£15,000) as expenses for the celebrations marking the wedding of Crown Prince Akihito in April. The wedding of Prince Akihito and his commoner bride-to-be, Miss Michiko Shoda, is expected to take place on April 10. The ceremonies will include a rally at the Meiji Outer Gardens in which about 100,000 citizens will participate. The newly-wed royal couple will be asked to attend the rally. The Justice Minister, Mr Kiichi Aichi, said yesterday that the Government would be granted on the occasion of the wedding of Prince Akihito.—Reuter.

This intercontinental missile, which was launched for the first time, is of a more advanced and more powerful variety than the Atlas rocket used in the American attempt to put a satellite in orbit round the Moon.

The Purpose

Two earlier attempts to send up a Titan were interrupted at the last moment as a result of a technical hitch. The test was based on a limited range and was not intended to cover the Titan's full trajectory. The only purpose of today's launching, it was said here, was to make the missile leave the ground.

Its second stage was consequently filled with water only—instead of fuel—so as to ensure its stability.

Skywards

The missile took off and headed skywards for one minute before heading down towards the southeast. The maximum range of the Titan is reported as 6,300 miles.

According to an official U.S. Air Force announcement, the object of the launching was to test the smooth working between the rocket and its motor and control system.—France-Press.

Suspected Raiders Arrested In UK

London, Feb. 6. Three men, two of whom are believed to have been concerned in a raid on a British army barracks at Tidworth in southern England on Wednesday when Sten guns and pistols were stolen, were arrested in London today. One has been charged with stealing a car and will appear in court tomorrow. The others are being held by police.—Reuter.

MALAN HAS A STROKE: CONDITION BAD



Dr Daniel F. Malan

Capetown, Feb. 6. Dr Daniel Malan, former South African Prime Minister, suffered a stroke today and his condition tonight was reported to be deteriorating. Dr Malan, who is 54, was Prime Minister from 1949 until he retired in 1954 in favour of Mr Johannes Strijdom, who died last year. He has been ill since October.

Segregation

Dr Malan, who became a prominent Protestant clergyman before entering politics, was noted among other things for his zeal in strengthening the policy of racial segregation. Mrs Malan summoned a doctor when her husband became ill at lunch and his condition later deteriorated rapidly, his right arm being paralysed. An injection was given and Dr Malan slept restfully. The latest report said Dr Malan was "very ill".—Reuter.

Summit Meeting In April?

Washington, Feb. 6. Reliable sources said today a big four conference on Germany probably will be held about the end of April in Geneva.—U.P.I.

Blood Bath In Cuba

Havana, Feb. 6. Thirteen convicted "war criminals" were shot by firing squads today, the largest number since 72 were shot in a single day in Santiago last month. Twenty other followers of the ousted dictator, Fulgencio Batista, were condemned to death by revolutionary tribunals. Major Humberto Sori Marin, Army Advocate General, announced that two new revolutionary tribunals would begin to function immediately in Havana's La Cabaña fortress prison, bringing the total there to four, in order to expedite the trials of Batista's aides.

13 Executed

Of the 13 executed today, ten faced firing squads in Sania Clara after their appeals were denied. Allen Robert Nye, former U.S. Navy flier of Chicago and Coral Gables, Florida, remained in gaol meanwhile, under suspicion of having come to Cuba to assassinate the rebel leader, Fidel Castro, at the behest of Batista. A member of the American Embassy staff who was permitted to see Nye yesterday said Nye repeated again that he did not wish for any U.S. Government aid and appeared confident that a talk with top rebel authorities here would result in his release.—U.P.I.

Bomb Scare On Embassy Row In Washington

Washington, Feb. 6. Police throw a cordon around the Soviet Embassy here today after an army demolition squad investigated a briefcase which had had to a bomb scare. It contained only books and diplomas. Police cars rushed to the scene with sirens screaming after an unidentified man dropped the briefcase in the embassy entrance. A number of the Embassy staff hurried the briefcase into the street, then called the police. They threw up the cordon in the area of the Embassy in an unsuccessful attempt to find the man who had dropped the briefcase.—Reuter.

A ROCKET TO MARS WOULD BE A 'LUCKY ACCIDENT'

Washington, Feb. 6. SCIENTISTS eager to learn all about Mars and Venus are stymied at the moment by their ignorance of the earth. They could not hope with present equipment and knowledge to get a probing rocket to earth's neighbours except by a lucky accident. It is a matter of having to know precisely where you are before you can tell precisely where you're going. According to Dr Homer E. Newell Jr of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, lack of such precise information "is one of the most difficult problems that faces us." The only way to shoot a probe as far as Mars or Venus now would be with ballistic missile engines. Ballistic missiles are put on course to target with "initial guidance" systems which cease to operate once the rocket engines have stopped firing a few minutes after launch. To put such a rocket on a trajectory that would take it to one of the planets would require exact knowledge of the distance to be covered. This in turn calls for extremely precise information about a number of "physical constants" including the so-called astronomical unit. The astronomical unit is the mean distance between earth and sun. Astronomers know with great accuracy the distances between planets in terms of the astronomical unit. But they know but poorly the length of the astronomical unit in terms of miles or any other standard that a rocket guidance system would understand. This does not rule out successful moon shots. But over the vast planetary distances over slight errors in initial guidance could throw a Mars or Venus rocket far off course.—U.P.I.

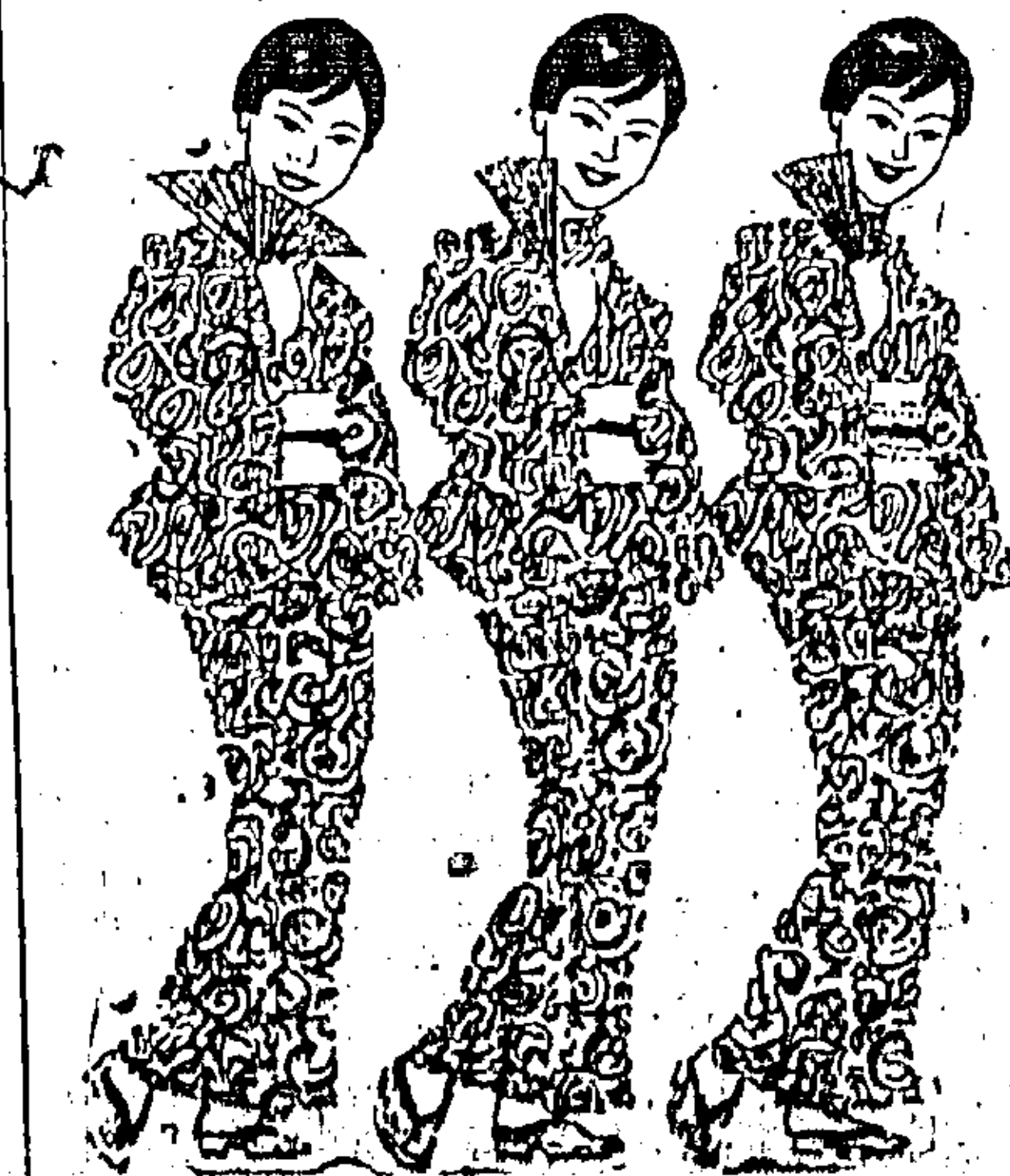
TWO NEW G.E.C. Refrigerators

THE 'ELEGANT' \$1500⁰⁰ NETT
THE 'SUPER' \$1295⁰⁰ NETT



MADE SOLD. INSTALLED, SERVICED AND GUARANTEED BY G.E.C.

THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LTD.
Sole Importers: Messrs. Anglo Siam Corp. Ltd. (1951)



THREE a week to

Tokyo

THREE flights a week from Hong Kong to Europe, India and Tokyo.

A triple treat for businessmen and tourists. Revel in the luxury of our Super-G Constellation—RADAR equipped for maximum comfort—every First Class seat a Wooling Slumberette. Low priced tourist seats in addition.

AIR-INDIA International

It's the GIN that counts!

BOORD'S
GOLDEN, MACKAY & CO. LTD.

KING'S PRINCESS

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★
A Laugh-Fest Guaranteed to Keep You Rocking in Your Seats!

MORE THAN
GREAT COMEDY
HERE'S GREAT
ENTERTAINMENT



Complimentary Tickets are not valid
HOLIDAY SPECIAL MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS
AT KING'S AT PRINCESS
To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. To-day at 12.30 p.m.
Columbia Presents COLOR Grace Kelly & Bing Crosby
CARTOONS & 3 STOOGES in "HIGH SOCIETY"

AT PRINCESS

AT 11.45 A.M.
TO-MORROW

The Greatest Film in Technicolor Ever Made in India!



(DANCE
of
SHIVA)

With
English
& Chinese
Sub-titles

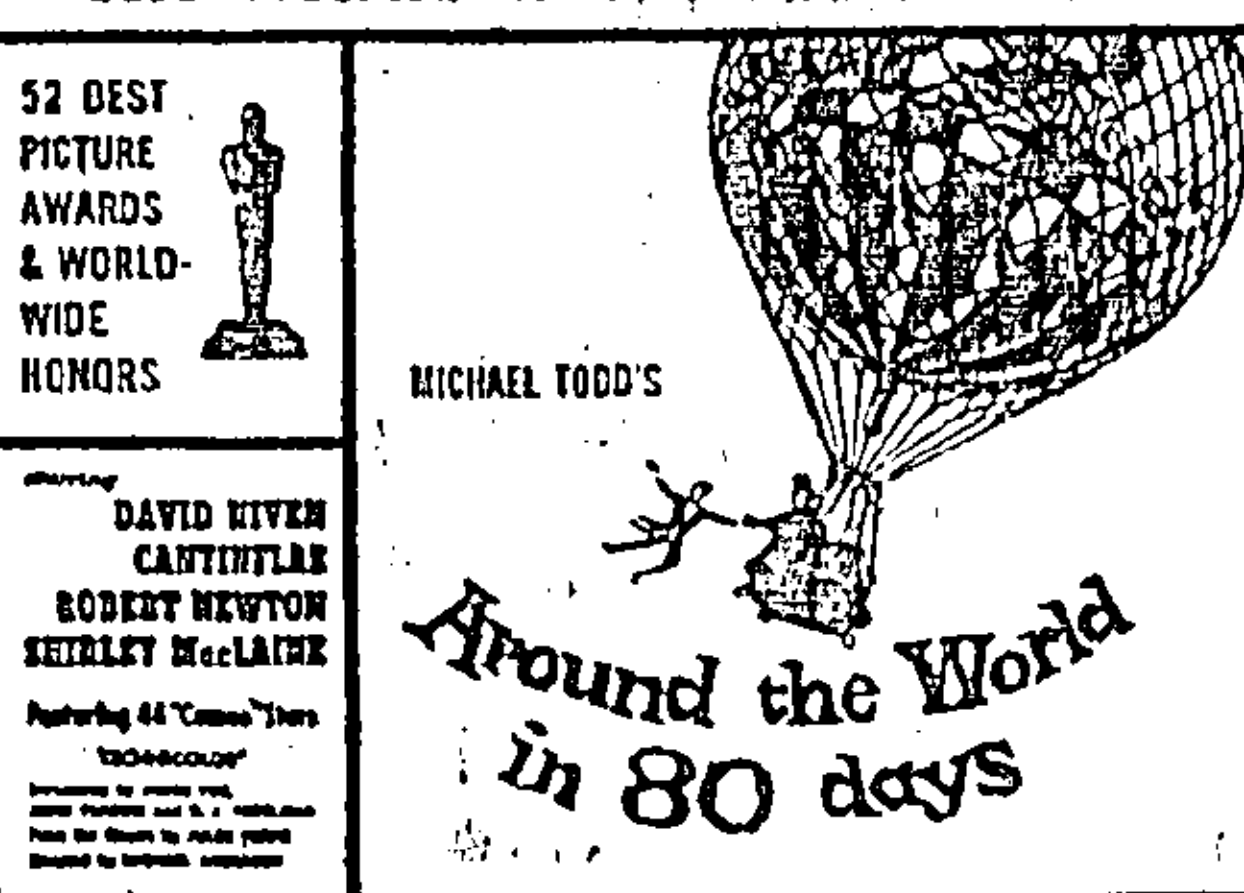
Admission:
\$4.70
\$3.50
\$2.40

BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

STAR METROPOLE

LAST 3 SHOWS TO-DAY
Please note special times:
AT 2.30, 5.15 & 8.45 P.M.

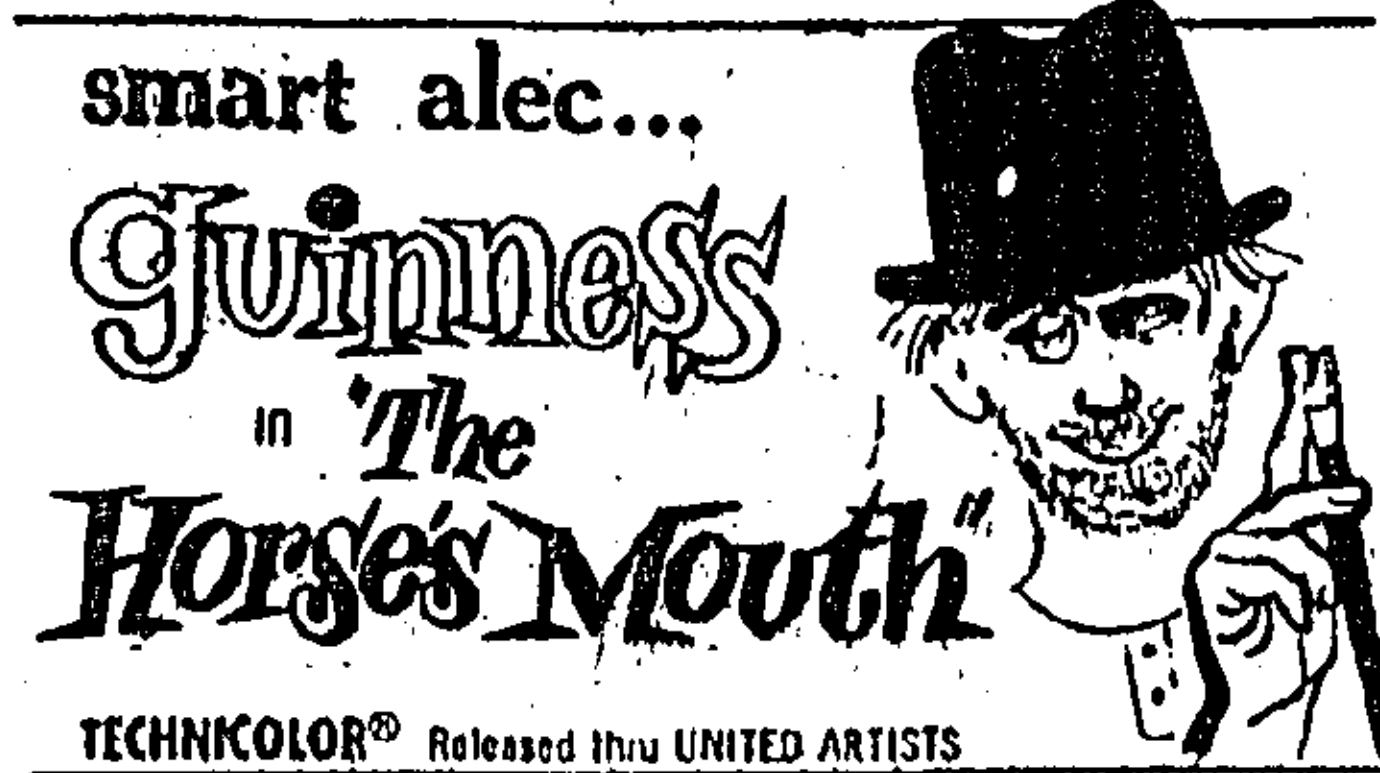
The World's Most Honored Show



SPECIAL ADMISSION: Logo \$6.00, Back Stall \$4.70,
Middle Stall \$3.50 & Front Stall \$2.40.
Patrons are requested to note that there will be no
more shows of this picture within one year's time.

GRAND OPENING TO-MORROW

THE ROYAL COMMAND PERFORMANCE!
VOTED BY THE STATES AS THE BEST COMEDY
OF THE YEAR!



smart alec...
Guinness
in 'The
Horse's Mouth'
TECHNICOLOR® Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
BOOK-EARLY!
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m. 20th Century-Fox presents
in CinemaScope & Color
"BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL"
starring: Robert WAGNER

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

AN amusing weekend and holiday at the cinema. Three right good comedies, one western, and a delightful pantomime. Pick where you like and you can't go wrong.

★ ★ ★
You will soon be seeing one of the best films of photography ever in a film version of "Hell Book and Candle" to be shown at the King's and Princess. The photographer is James Wong Howe, a name familiar to all discerning film goers.

★ ★ ★
News for the Horror Fans. Allied Artists are to make two films based on original horror stories by H. P. Lovecraft. Titles: "The Experiment of Doctor Zann" and "The Gypsy's Hand." Both are shortly to go into production.

★ ★ ★
The British Film Academy has just made the following awards to "Room at the Top," a British film.
Best Film from any Source.
Best British Film.
Best Performance by a British Actor: Laurence Harvey.
Second Nomination: Sir Donald Wolfit.
Best Performance by a Foreign Actress: Simone Signoret.
Most Promising Newcomer to Films: Mary Peach.

★ ★ ★
"Room at the Top" is a Lion International film, and will be distributed here by 20th Century-Fox, and probably shown at the Roxy and Broadway.

★ ★ ★
20TH Century - Fox's CinemaScope, De Luxe Colour treatment of Guthrie's "These Thousand Hills," is the choice of the Roxy and Broadway for Chinese New Year. Readers of this Pulitzer Prize novel will know the action is concerned with the adventures of a young cowboy who drifts into an Oregon town with a huge cattle herd.

He stays on to become a good citizen of the town and finally gambles away his position to defend a woman who has not a good reputation. Don Murray is cast in the lead which is a marked contrast to the part he played in "A Hatful of Rain." Opposite him is Richard Egan as a rancher gambler who becomes Murray's chief enemy and with whom... yes... you've got it, Murray fights a prolonged hand-to-hand battle.

★ ★ ★
Lee Remick is the dance hall angel, and Pat Owens is the girl Murray marries. The other outstanding part is taken by Stuart Whitman as Murray's companion who runs foul of Egan.

★ ★ ★
Filmed against the beautiful backgrounds, the film is a 'cert' for the Western fan, but most of the ingredients are rather too familiar now.

★ ★ ★
Nevertheless, the film moves at a good pace, and with a chattering climax, and taken along with the rest of the holiday film fare, offers excellent contrast.

★ ★ ★
READERS of this review had better adjust their discount to my opinion of "The Horse's Mouth," according to their admiration of Alec Guinness. I will say that my admiration for him as an interpreter of eccentric characters knows no bounds; and "The Horse's Mouth," opening at the Star and Metropole tomorrow merely confirms me in my opinion.

★ ★ ★
Adapted from the best selling novel of Joyce Cary, this screen adaptation was written by Alec Guinness who stays along in it with Kay Walsh, Renee Houston, and Mike Morgan.

★ ★ ★
Guinness takes over the role of Gully Jimson, eccentric artist, tramp, renegade, arch non-conformist and genius. And he plays the part as 'the gee it' and he sees it very well indeed.

★ ★ ★
The setting of "The Horse's Mouth" is London, a cock-eyed sort of London, but true enough if one allows for that touch of artistic licence Guinness brings to the film.

★ ★ ★
Public art exhibitions, high characters in low pubs, a sort of zany London Bohemia on the loose.

★ ★ ★
You will know by now that this film is the Royal Command Performance choice for this year, and that the American critics have already gone crazy about it.

It's a winner all the way. A must for every Guinness fan. Guinness gives once again a delightful and joyous performance. He is excellent; and so are the rest of the cast. It's a great film. Guinness is certainly good for you.

★ ★ ★
"tom thumb" showing at the Hoover and Paramount is a real holiday film. Lighthearted, gay, colourful, and full of good music, it is a delight for young and old.

★ ★ ★
English filmgoers will be struck by the real pantomime treatment this film receives. It is just like getting the Lyeum Pantomime on a film. More wonderful in fact, because the camera can do tricks that could never be obtained on the real stage.

★ ★ ★
Bearing little resemblance to the story by the Brothers Grimm, the film is, if anything, an improvement on the story. Made in Eastman Colour, it has the lovely June Thorburn for the principal girl, as beautiful as a Fairy Queen as you could meet, and one who comes and goes as no pantomime queen could ever hope to do.

★ ★ ★
Russ Tamblyn is only as big as your thumb; all done by camera magic. The two villains are Terry-Thomas and Peter Sellers, both in pantomime tradition. Alan Young and Jessie Matthews have straight parts as Tom's foster parents. The music is lively, tuneful, and the "Yawning Song" sung by a puppet is one of the best things ever done in trick photography. Two sequences stick out in my mind. The beautiful fairy tale opening, and the Russ Tamblyn dance with the toys.

★ ★ ★
Of course, every child in the cinema must see it. I can imagine nothing more delightful. But the amazing thing about this fairy tale is, the grown ups will love it too. A real fine choice for the Chinese New Year.

★ ★ ★
"GEISHA Boy," holiday comedy at the King's and Princess, returns popular comedian Jerry Lewis to the Hongkong cinema. This VistaVision Technicolor brash and buoyant piece of nonsense uses the pastel-hued vistas of Japan for its locale, and at times it is very beautiful.

★ ★ ★
Lewis, who seems determined to stereotype himself as the screen's goofy genius, plays a bungling inept magician, who gets a job entertaining the U.S. Forces.

★ ★ ★
The comedy here is, he irritates everyone with his goofiness, and the truth is, I was slightly irritated myself. He travels with an educated rabbit and personally, I think this rabbit should get star billing, for it is easily the best actor in the first half of the film.

★ ★ ★
The best parts of the film are the gags: Nobu McCarthy (Japanese married to a G.I. in real life) takes Jerry to see her

father Sessue Hayakawa, who played the Japanese Officer in "The Bridge on the River Kwai."

★ ★ ★
The gag is, they go in to the garden where Hayakawa is dressed in Officer's uniform while the P.O.W.s are constructing a miniature bridge to the March. "Colonel Bogey," whistled, of course.

★ ★ ★
The second gag occurs as Lewis is gazing at Fujiyama. Suddenly the summit of this mountain is surrounded by stars, turning it into the Paramount Trade Sign, and their opening serenade blares from the screen. Good, for they come without warning.

★ ★ ★
Also tangled up in the Jerry Lewis complications is Marie McDonald, the temperamental star of the troupe.

★ ★ ★
Well, it is all high jinks in Japan. Let it be said, this is a good comedy film, distinctly American in its angle, but it will please the Jerry Lewis fans. Nothing subtle about it, ranging from sheer uninhibited sentiment to unabashed slapstick. The extreme being Jerry and his affection for a little lost Japanese boy to a crash encounter in a Japanese public bath.

★ ★ ★
BRITISH comedies move "Right to the top with "The Big Money," an absolute riot of mirth, showing at the Lee and Astor.

★ ★ ★
Filmed in big screen and Technicolor, starring Ian Carmichael, Belinda Lee, Kathleen Harrison, and Robert Helpmann, it trumps every trick of the comedy game.

★ ★ ★
It opens with a heart-warming shot of the Friths' comfortable home in a London suburb. The atmosphere captures your mind right away. They are a delightful family, hard working, and full of admiration for one another.

★ ★ ★
Ever Mum goes out to work, shoplifting! Dad the breadwinner has had a good day with three or four wallets. She has a nice new mink stole; all her minks are stole; only Willie is a failure (Ian Carmichael). He has 'lifted' a commercial traveller's sample case.

★ ★ ★
He determines to make good, to get into the big money and that is the plot. Ian Carmichael has now established himself in this character, the pensive rogue. His barmalud friend out to help him spend the big money is Belinda Lee.

★ ★ ★
The act that always gets a British audience screaming is provided by Robert Helpmann as the crook in a parson's collar. To hear him bawl out his mob in a pulpit voice is very very funny.

★ ★ ★
Colourful, interesting all the time, a lovely shot of Ascot, a slapstick scene in a night club, a Keystone Comedy free for all in a lush hotel, hold you helpless with laughter.

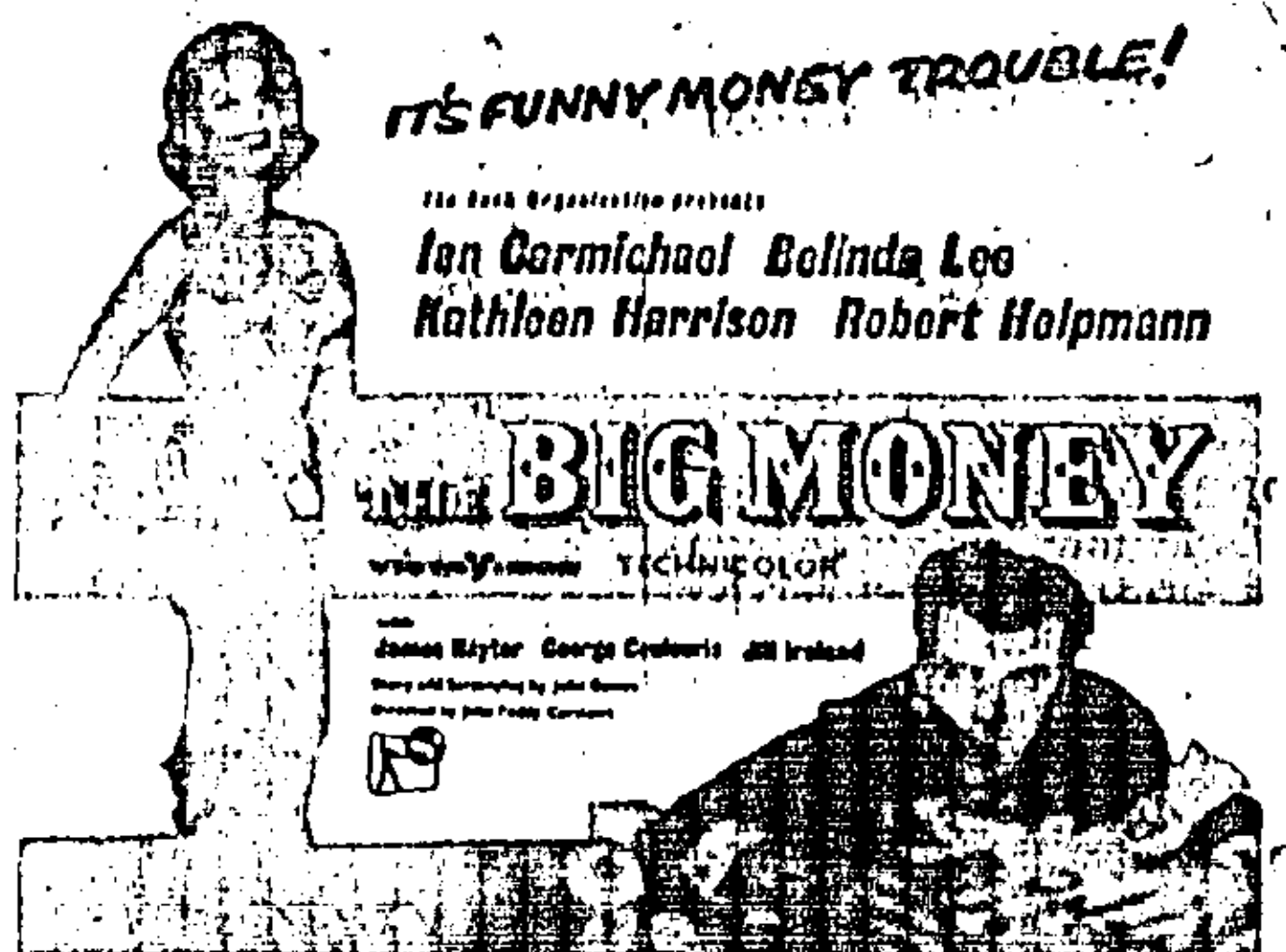
★ ★ ★
For supporting roles, I select Leslie Phillips as the receptionist in the swanky hotel, and Renee Houston as a barmalud. Made without restraint, completely uninhibited, a right snorting laugh from beginning to end.

Lee & Astor

OPENING TO-DAY
4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ASTOR

EXTRA PERFORMANCE ON
SUNDAY, MONDAY & TUESDAY
AT 12.30 P.M.



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW — AT REDUCED PRICES

LEE THEATRE
To-Morrow at 12.30 p.m.
PETER PAN
Monday at 12.30 p.m.
DAVEY CROCKETT, KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER
Tuesday at 12.30 p.m.
GOLD RUSH
ASTOR THEATRE
To-Morrow at 11.00 a.m.
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
Monday at 11.00 a.m.
PETER PAN
Tuesday at 11.00 a.m.
LADY & THE TRAMP

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★
Please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

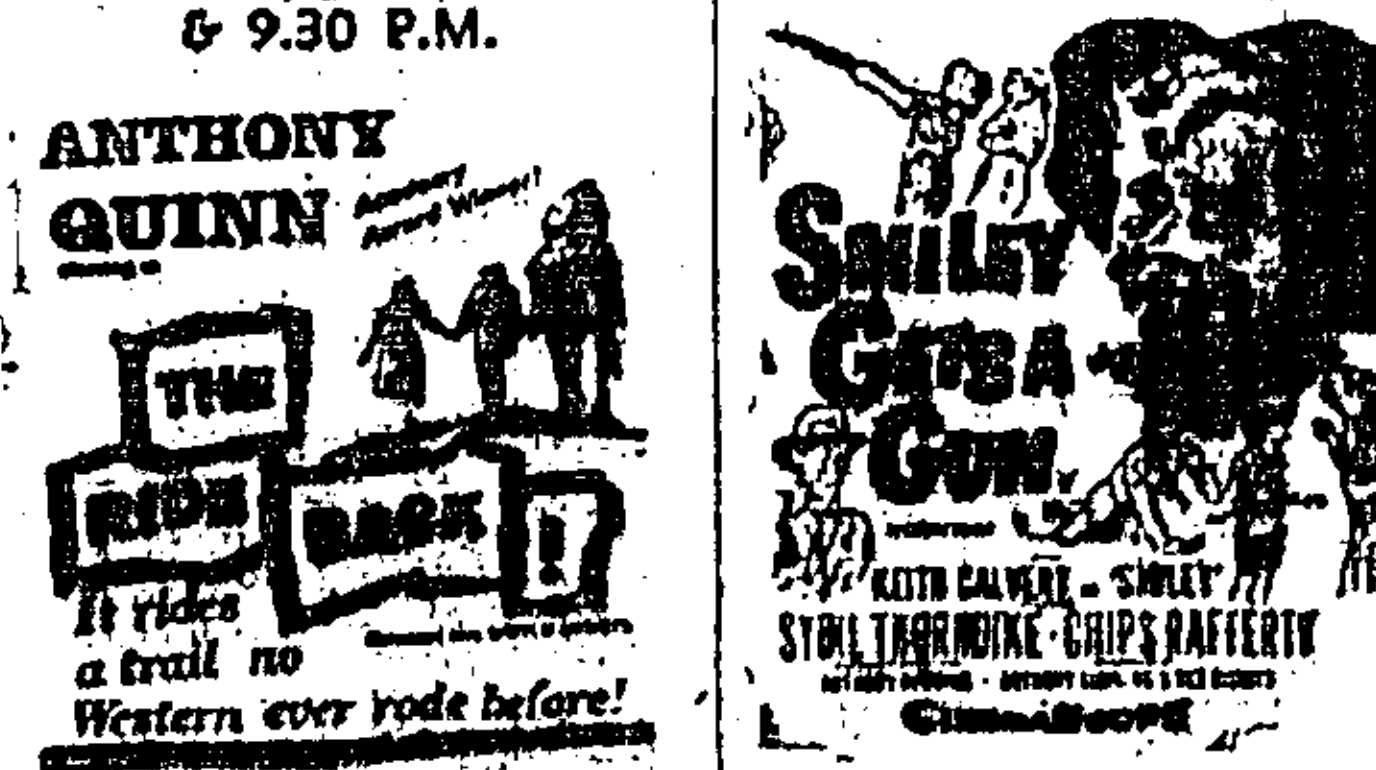
THE WILD LAND BOILED OVER WITH BRAWLING
PASSIONS, VIOLENT LOVES AND SAVAGE GREED!



AT THE BROADWAY: Specially Added: "ROCKETS ROAR"
See America's Deadly Missiles in Action.
BOOK EARLY!

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

FINAL TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



5 Shows daily during Chinese New Year Holidays
"SMILEY GETS A GUN"

RITZ CINEMA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

IT'S DANNY'S FUNNIEST COMEDY-MUSICAL



TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW AT REDUCED PRICES
AT 12.30 P.M.
"OH, KHALILDA"

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

HOLIDAY FILMS

ROXY & BROADWAY: "These Thousand Hills." A Pulitzer Prize winning film, shown in CinemaScope and Colour by De Luxe. Usual ingredients including the slugging match. Above average. Don Murray, Richard Egan; Lee Remick; Patricia Owens; and Stuart Whitman.

HOOPER & PARAMOUNT: "tom thumb." A very tall story about a very short lad. Light, entertaining, musical, good to look at with some enchanting scenes and fascinating songs. Russ Tamblyn; Terry-Thomas; Peter Sellers; and June Thorburn.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Big Money." A VistaVision Technicolor comedy about a London family making big money the easy way. Slapstick, farce, beautifully made, guaranteed to give you the best of a lifetime. Ian Carmichael; Belinda Lee; Kathleen Harrison; and Robert Helpmann.

STAR & METROPOLE: Guinness as a smart Alec in a comedy that rioted the States and is selected for the Royal Command Performance. "The Horse's Mouth." Dig 'Screen and Technicolor. Also Kay Walsh; Renee Houston; and Mike Morgan.

COMING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness." Ingrid Bergman in the role of a North London girl who set out to convert the Chinese to Christianity. Appearing to a general audience. Also starring Curt Jurgens and Robert Donat.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Night of the Living Dead." A sex-kitten comedy by CinemaScope and Technicolor.

HOOPER & PARAMOUNT: "Torpedo Run." Glenn Ford and Ernest Borgnine.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Foster-Mum
(A BLACK)
HEN
Disowns
5ft Emu

Newcastle.
JACKY, a 5 ft. emu,
has been disowned
by her foster-mother—a
small black Orpington
hen.

The hen which hatched
Jacky almost two years ago
is now caring for her newly-
hatched pea-fowl chick.

The fond relationship between
the Orpington and her big emu
"daughter" ended this week.

At Newcastle zoo the hen at-
tacked Jacky every time she
ventured near the pea-fowl
chick.

Zookeeper Jack Cain said, "I
set the fowl on two emu eggs
about two years ago, after the
emu mother deserted them."
"They were buried in sawdust
and she could just cover them."

MOTHERED

"Each day I turned the eggs
as an emu usually does."

"Only one hatched and we
called her Jacky."

"The fowl mothered her as if
she was her own chicken."

"After six weeks Jacky was
18 inches high and heavier than
her foster mother."

"She used to trample on her
at feed time."

"The hen seemed very proud
of her big chicken."

GOOD MATES

"She stopped mothering Jacky
but they have always roamed
around together."

"A couple of months ago I
gave the hen several pea-hen
eggs to sit on."

"She hatched one pea-chick
and left the other eggs."

"Now she has this new
chicken, she won't allow Jacky
to come near her."

Behind a locked door in Zurich a silent group stood...
"St George & the Dragon" goes to UK

London.
BEHIND the locked doors of a flat in Zurich a
silent group of British art experts studied a
500-year-old, unframed painting, brought from
the vaults of a nearby bank. The experts, headed
by Sir Philip Hendy, Director of the National Art
Gallery, liked what they saw and agreed on a
price: £125,000.

Detail from Uccello's
St George & the Dragon

Now the picture, Uccello's
St George and the Dragon, is
British property and will hang
in the National Gallery, Tra-
falgart Square.

The price means that every
man, woman, and child in
Britain has each paid a frac-
tion over a halfpenny for a
masterpiece that few people
have ever seen.

The painting, measuring
23in. by 30in., has been stored
in the Zurich bank vaults since
1045, when it was rescued
from a blazing palace in
Vienna, a home of Count
Lanckoronski, who has now
sold it to Britain.

Even before that relatively
few people saw it in the palace,
and since 1039, says a National
Gallery official, "it has vir-
tually been seen by nobody."

At the National Gallery last
night an expert said: "The
picture has considerable his-
torical interest. It may be the
first of easel pictures to have
survived."

"It is certainly the most im-
portant picture of its kind to
be added to our collection
since 1010."

In the Commons, Mr. J. E. S.
Simon, Financial Secretary to
the Treasury, described it "as
the finest picture of the Italian
Renaissance still remaining in
private hands."

Now the picture is to be
cleaned and framed by Nation-
al Gallery experts and will be
on view in about three months
time.

Covent Garden will also get
more help.

Its grant this year is £362,000.
Now under a new agreement
with the Arts Council Covent
Garden will receive for the
next three years 43 per cent of
its expenditure as approved by
the Council, which will give it
£450,000 next year.

This is an increase of £88,000.
The Arts Council grant will
be raised by £118,000 to
£1,218,000. About £20,000 of
this will be used towards clear-
ing off Covent Garden's
£100,000 overdraft.

There was nothing extra for
Sadlers' Wells. Their needs
are still being investigated.

Mr. Simon made the an-
nouncement in a debate on a
private motion urging more aid
for the arts.

IT'S CHEAP

Pierre Jeanneret writes: The
price of £125,000 must be ac-
counted cheap as art prices go
these days.

The St George and the
Dragon was about the last
important painting by Uccello
left in private hands.

It is a delightful example of
one of the most significant
painters of Florence in the 15th
century, when the city was in
the vanguard of the Renais-
sance.

The National Gallery already
possesses one of Uccello's
masterpieces, the Rout of San
Romano, one of the most wide-
ly popular pictures in the
collection.

GOOD NEWS

In the Commons art lovers
had more good news from Mr
Simon.

Another "very important ac-
quisition" for the National Gal-
lery was the masterpiece of the
Flemish painter, Jordaens,
known as the Double Portrait,
which had been accepted in
satisfaction of estate duty at a
cost of £40,000.

And the National Gallery's
yearly purchase grant is going
up from £120,000 to £100,000.

After Britain's museums
and art galleries buying grants
are to go up from £125,000
yearly to £235,000. The Tate
Gallery will have £40,000 in-
stead of £17,500.

For years art-lovers, including
members of both Houses of
Parliament have been cam-
paigning for more State aid for
the arts, especially in view of
the amazing rise in prices of
artistic works.

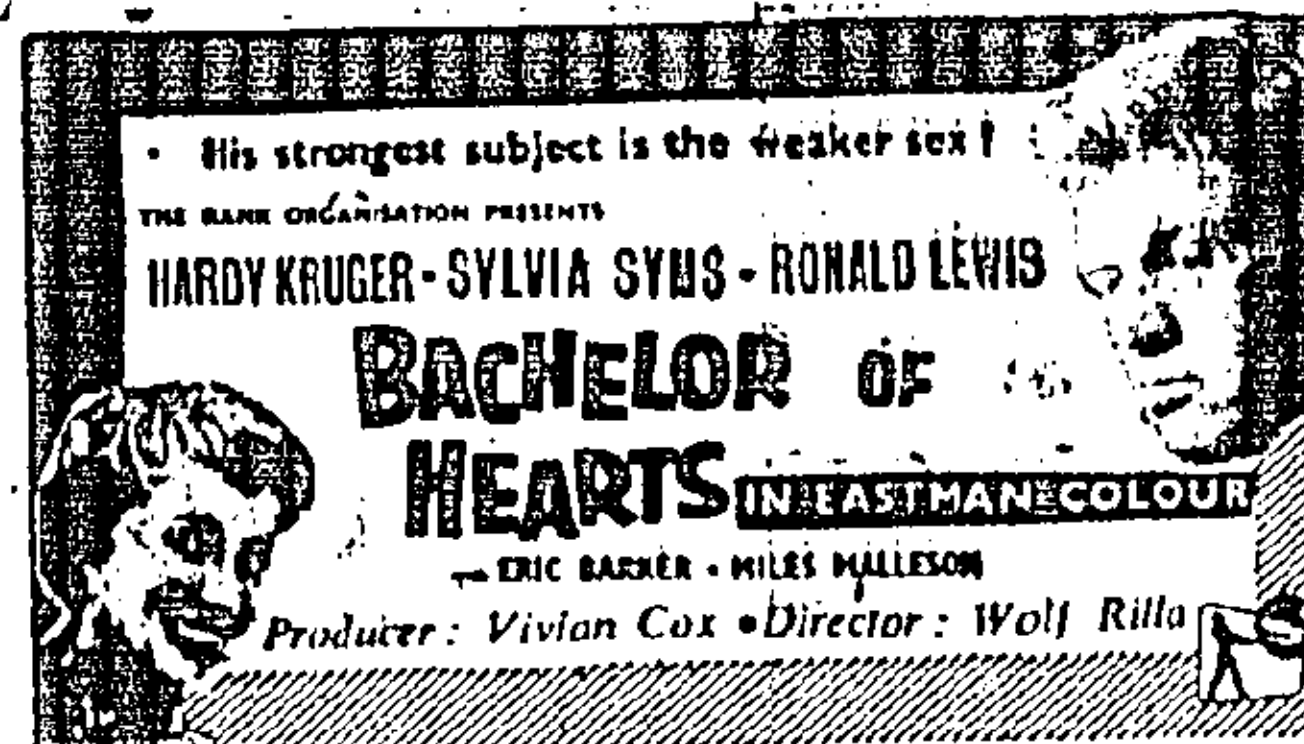
British galleries have not had
enough money to compete with
private and foreign buyers and,
unable to plan ahead, curators
saw themselves scooped on
major purchases.

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To co-ordinate the activities of
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to promote the knowledge and
practice of social welfare work.

Information will be gladly sup-
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Tel. 4111.

WHEN "THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY" KRUGER
GOES TO CAMBRIDGE — ESCAPE'S THE LAST
THING HE IS THINKING ABOUT.



WATCH FOR IT!

ROXY & BROADWAY

CHINESE NEW YEAR HOLIDAY MORNING SHOWS

ROXY

At 12.00 Noon Daily
Sun., 8th Feb."THE GIRL CAN'T
HELP IT"

In CinemaScope & Color

Mon., 9th Feb.

"THE CONQUEROR"

In CinemaScope & Color

Tues., 10th Feb.

"THE BRAVE ONE"

In CinemaScope & Color

Wed., 11th Feb.

Walt Disney's
TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONSFOR YOUNG & OLD!
AT REDUCED PRICES!

BROADWAY

At 11.00 a.m.
& 12.15 p.m. DailySun., 8th Feb.
At 11.00 a.m.

M.G.M. Color Cartoons

At 12.15 p.m.

"THESE THOUSAND
HILLS"

(At Usual Prices)

Mon., 9th Feb.

At 11.00 a.m.
Walt Disney's
COLOR CARTOONS

At 12.15 p.m.

"BACKLASH"

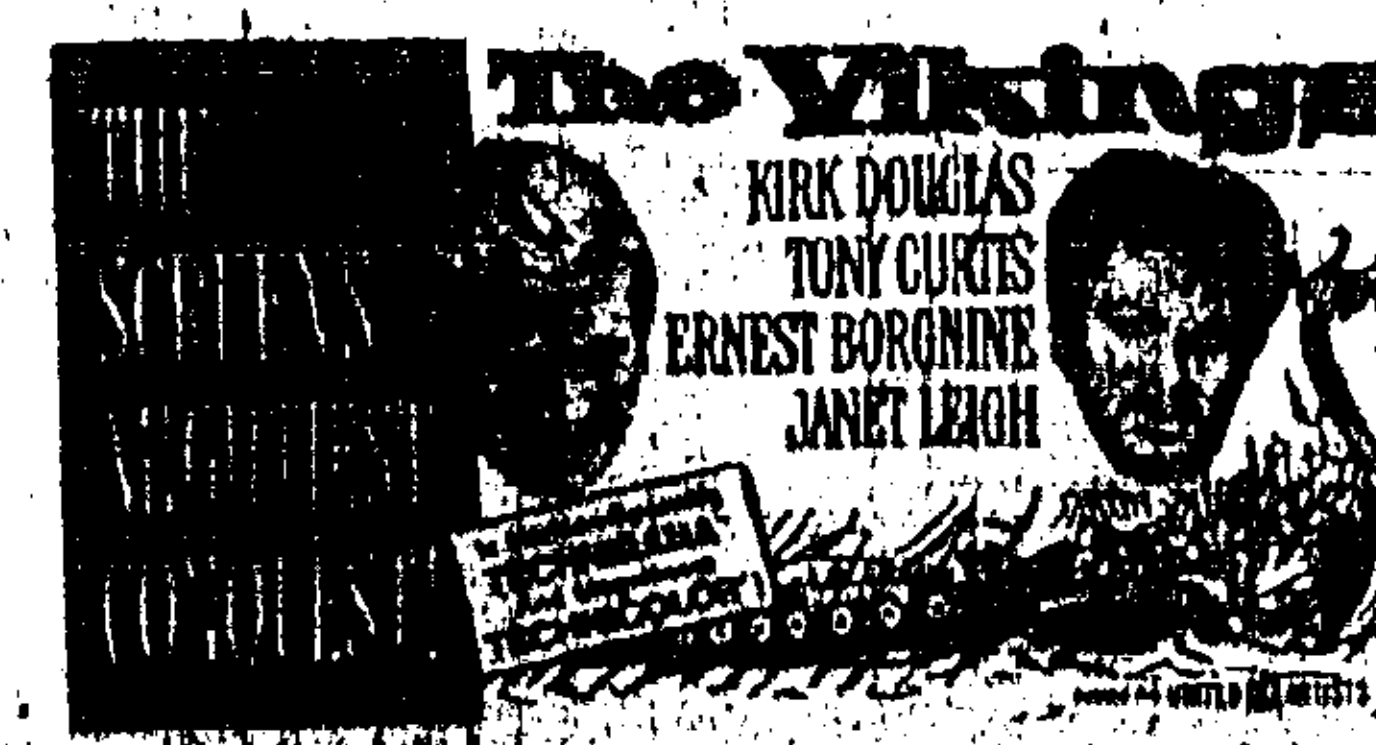
Tues., 10th Feb.

At 11.00 a.m.
Fox Color Cartoons

At 12.15 p.m.

"BATTLE HYMN"

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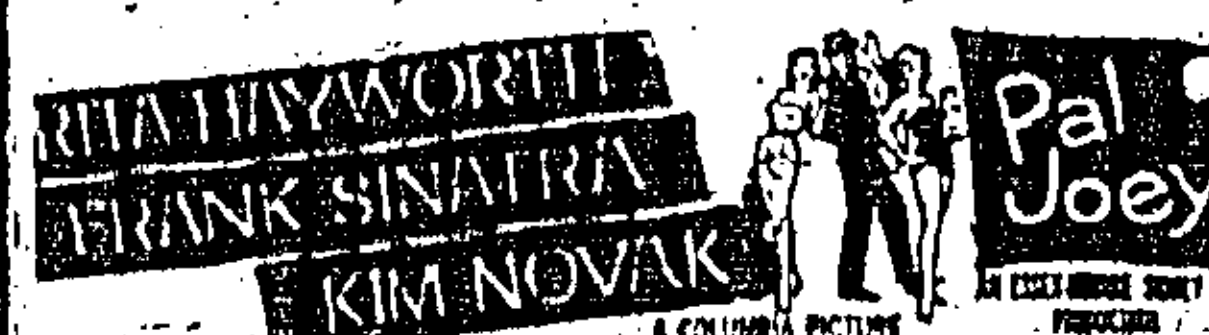
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Janet LEIGH & Ernest BORGNINE

(2) "THE DEFIANT ONES"

The most honoured picture of the year
starring Tony CURTIS & Sidney POITIER

(3) "SEPARATE TABLES"

starring Rita HAYWORTH, David NIVEN,
Deborah KERR & Burt LANCASTER

(4) "GOD'S LITTLE ACRE"

starring Robert RYAN & Aldo RAY
AT USUAL PRICES

STAR:

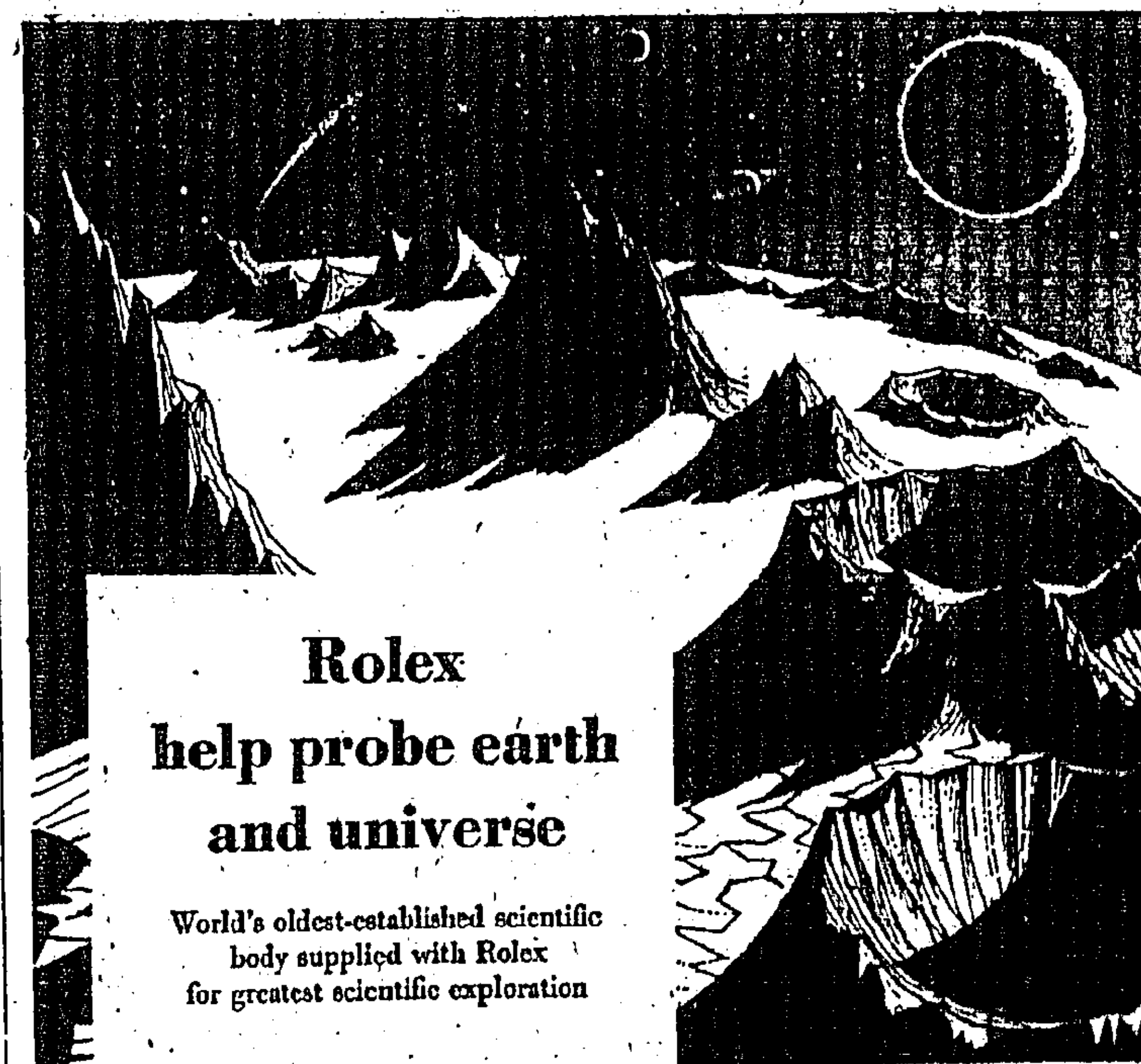
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: The coffin is borne to its last resting place during the funeral at Farnham, England, of 29-year-old Mike Hawthorn, world champion racing driver killed in a road accident recently. Mourners included Hawthorn's mother and model Jean Howarth, the girl he was expected to marry.

★

RIGHT: Modern dancing (i.e. rock 'n' roll) is certainly rough on the fair sex, as can be seen from this picture taken recently in London at the British All Time Rock 'n' Roll Championship. Some 1,200 dancers took part. Picture shows two of the competitors in action.

★

BELOW: The first picture from the Shetland islands—buried after a week of blizzards under the biggest snow barrier most islanders can remember. Here, despite the emergency, children trudge two miles to Sunday school at Scousburgh, six miles from Sumburgh Airport.



ABOVE: At the Indian Republic Day dinner recently in London Premier Harold Macmillan, left, chats with Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten, last Vicaroy of India, and Madama Pandit, India's High Commissioner in London.

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

BELOW: A rich Indian Sultan has angrily ordered his actress daughter home after seeing pictures of her first film role. The girl is 20-year-old Shari Mahal. She has just finished a supporting role in the film "Tiger Bay." Father is the 58-year-old Sultan of Darji, a Bombay businessman.



ABOVE: Stellar quartet having a drink at the bar of London's top theatrical restaurant, the Ivy, during an interval of the comedy "The Grass is Greener", are from left: Vivien Leigh, Noel Coward, Lauren Bacall and Kay Kendall. They told reporters: "We're old friends on a night out. We like being together."

★

LEFT: Princess Alexandra arriving for a party given in honour of her mother, the Duchess of Kent and her, in London recently. The party was given by the Hispanic and Luso-Brazilian Council for the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra before they go on an official visit to the countries of South America.

★

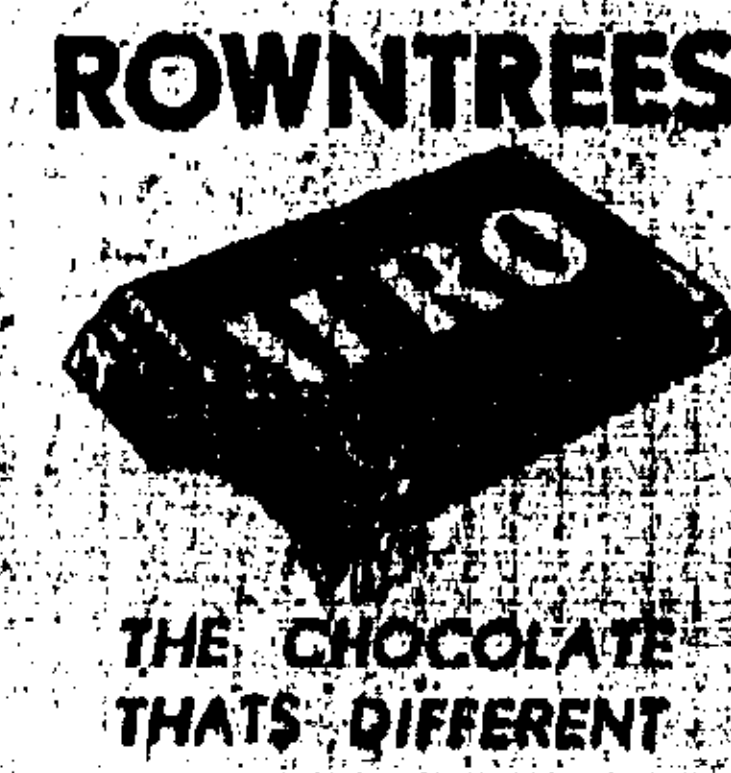
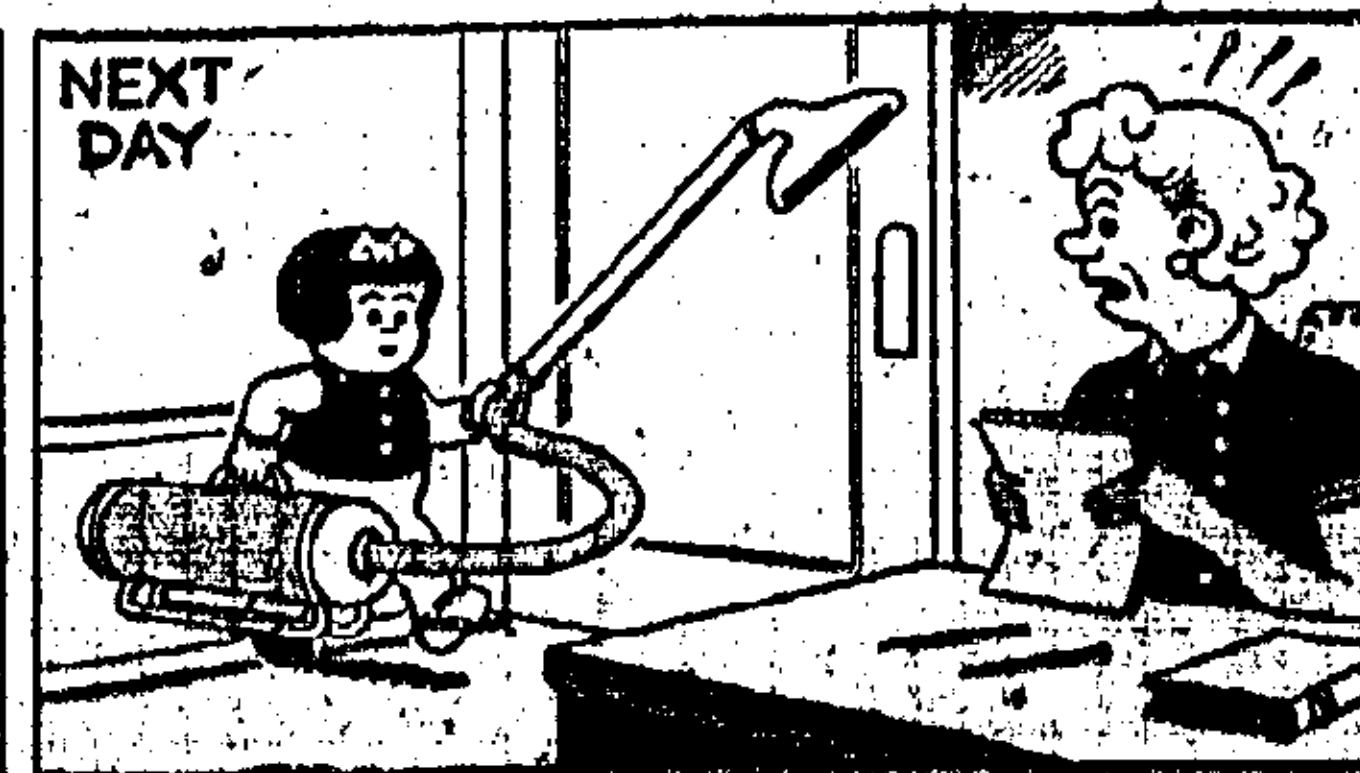


BELOW: Alec Guinness, left, presents Michael Redgrave with the Best Actor of 1958 trophy at the recent Evening Standard Drama Awards dinner in London. Redgrave won the award for his performance in "A Touch of the Sun."



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





**Continuing the China Mail's
Scoop on the Shah's great love:
Doctors were agreed that there
was a chance but the Queen
said 'No'**

SORAYA had a SECRET FEAR

A PART from the Shah, Soraya, and a handful of the world's foremost gynaecologists, whom she consulted during her seven-year childless marriage, I am perhaps the only person outside Persian Palace circles who knows that, but for Soraya's fears, she might have produced an heir and still be Queen of Persia.

The frightened young Queen has travelled thousands of miles visiting specialists in Moscow, New York, London, and Switzerland.

But it was not until several days after the announcement of their divorce last March, that the tragic reasons behind it became known to me. I refused to disclose them for as long as I believed that a reconciliation was a possibility.

Today I can tell you that two of the world's greatest experts on fertility, one of them is Professor Ernst Held, of Zurich — have agreed and fully endorsed each other's opinions that a "minor operation" could have enabled Soraya to become a mother.

The Shah knew about it too, and in many endless weeks of pleadings and arguments, he implored Soraya, "ENTER A CLINIC AND I WILL REMAIN AT YOUR BEDSIDE DAY AND NIGHT."

NO DANGER

Doctors told them that the operation would take only three days to perform, and they assured Soraya and the Shah: "It is not in the least dangerous and will very likely solve your problems."

Soraya was no longer the rather awkward, tomboyish girl with solid shoulders and heavy thighs as in the days when we were neighbours at Zurich before she met the Shah.

Happiness and wealth had transformed her into the beauty the whole world knows today. Yet she herself told me: "I have seen every known specialist and they cannot agree. None has told me that I cannot have children. That is the agony of my ordeal, and I am going through a living hell."

At that time, the Shah and his Queen had recently returned from New York. They had seen President Eisenhower's doctor in the U.S. and on their return from New York they consulted

Professor Rodolphe Rochat at Lausanne.

But it was at Zurich that Professor Ernst Held, who had already examined Soraya the year before, told her and the Shah: "My analysis is confirmed by my colleague in New York. A minor surgical operation is called for now."

Soraya gave her consent. But the same night at their Zurich lakeside hotel Soraya told the Shah: "I am too frightened." And she pleaded with him all night to delay the operation for another time.

That time never came. Each day as Soraya hesitated the

Peacock throne of Persia, held

by the Pahlavi dynasty for

nearly 40 years, was in grow-

ing danger so long as Soraya

did not have a son.

ONE HOPE

For there is only one man who can save Persia from the grip of revolutions which year by year sweep the Middle East and that man is the Shah.

While military and political coups upset neighbouring States the more reactionary of Persia's ruling families are determined to behave as though nothing had happened.

So the Shah is fighting what in effect is a lone battle against a corrupt officialdom and the indolence of absentee landlords.

And in many ways the mainstay of his support is the

2,500-year-old tradition of the Persian monarchy, at once a symbol of national unity and of nationalism.

VISITS

There are two other factors which help the 30-year-old Shah:

Persia has a long common frontier with Russia — and its people have experienced Russian occupation — and.

Because they are non-Arab by race most of the Persian people view Nasser's Arab empire with great suspicion.

The Shah's only hope of continued mass support is for him to push through ruthlessly his announced programme of reforms.

He is proud of what he has achieved in Persia — more than 2,000,000 students against less than half that number five years ago — but recognises how much more there is to be done.

More than once in my audience with him the Shah mentioned "my loneliness" and said how urgently he needed a queen at his side, in the performance of duties of State.

As he himself said: "One cannot choose a wife as one chooses a shirt or even a new car."

A REALIST

He spoke to me about the clinics and agencies which have been established in various parts of Persia, and added "the people have a right to expect their Queen to visit them," and he added:

"We receive many visits by heads of State and I myself have gained great experience from our many visits abroad."

"But again, to receive and entertain there is a constant need for a Queen at my side."

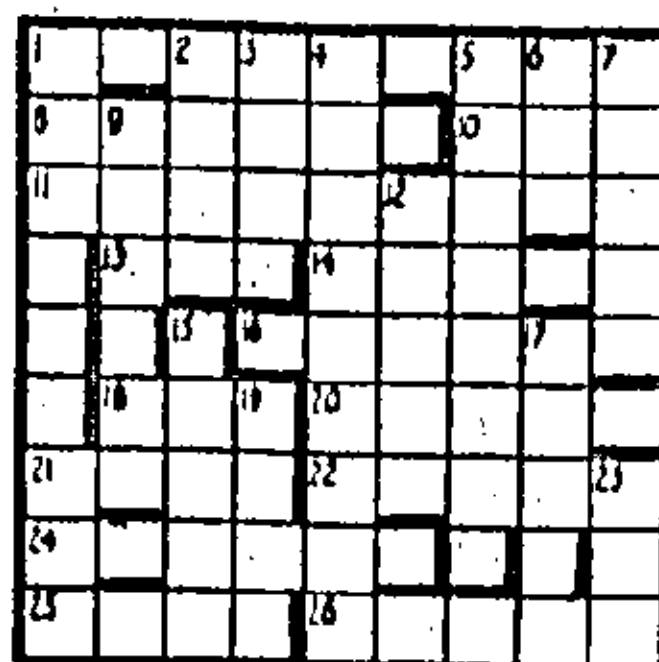
And the lonely king spoke of the terrible carnage in his country and of the high number of casualties and loss of life.

"In time of distress and national disaster our people look to us for help and guidance."

"Alone I am inadequate in rendering all the comforts

which a Queen could give them," he said. "That is an-

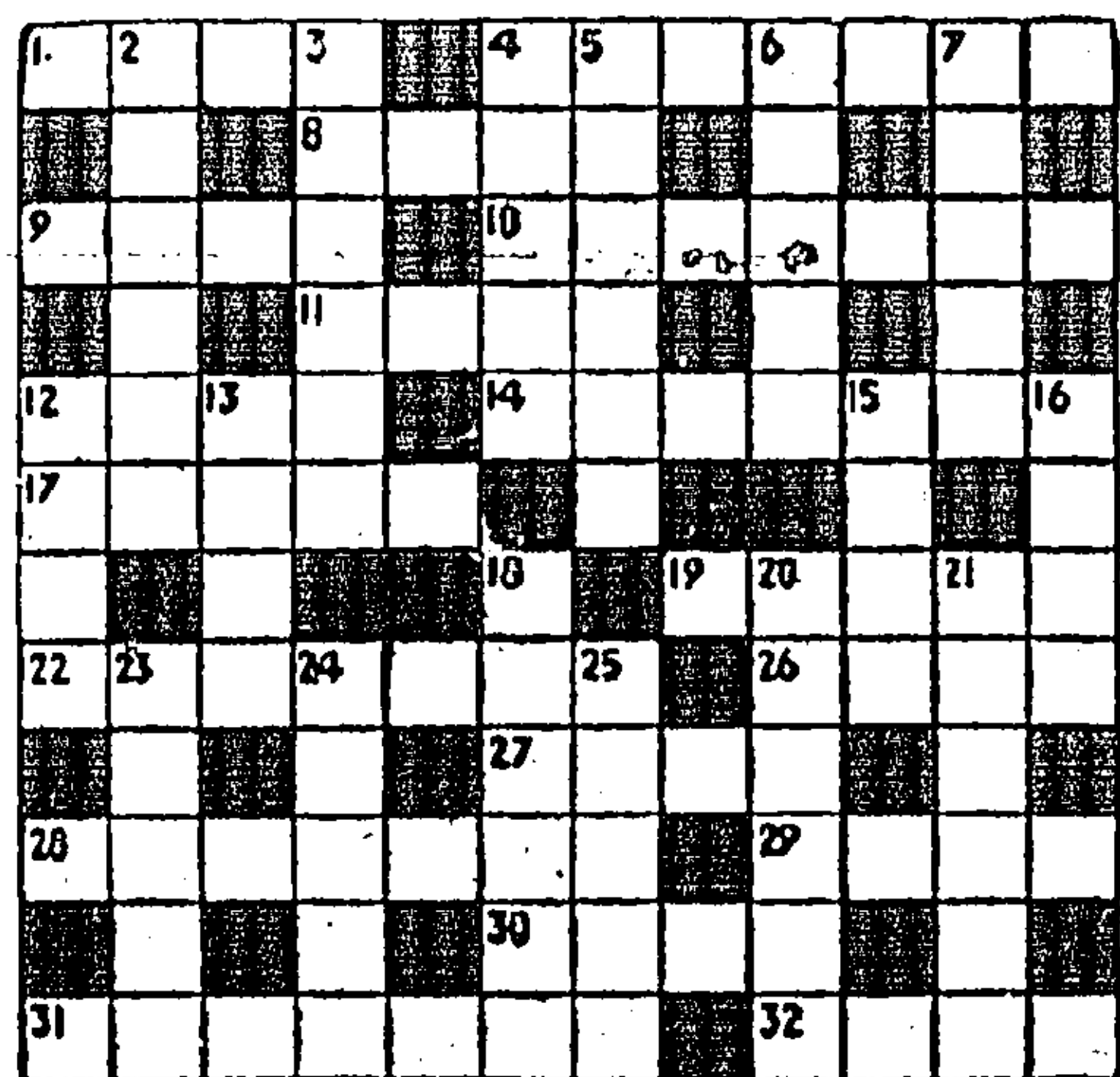
CROSSWORD



1. Unknown (9)
2. Ascertained (6)
3. Welsh girl's name (8)
4. Disgusting (6)
5. R.A.P. news (8)
6. Niece (6)
7. Straightforward (6)
8. Pen point (6)
9. Small bird (6)
10. Firm award (6)
11. Decision (6)
12. Sea 4 Down (6)
13. Situation (6)
14. Travel (6)
15. Throat (6)
16. 30 Across (6)
17. Charity day (6)
18. Death (6)
19. 5 Across (6)
20. Winner (6)
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31. 5 Across (6)
32. 5 Across (6)

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS
1. Icy mountain? (4).
4. Waiting to enter Studio E? (7).
8. River of Sussex (4).
9. Tottenham good? (4).
10. Like a giant (7).
11. Encourage a wager (4).
12. Game (4).
14. Went off (7).
17. Renovate (5).
19. Papal headress (5).
22. Breakdown necessary (7).
23. Its monarch is famous in pictures (4).
27. A god (4).
28. Preserving food supplies (7).
29. Mountain goat (4).
30. Always the little gentleman (4).
31. Horse ornaments? (7).
32. Consumes (4).

DOWN
2. Group of states in Leicester-square (6).
3. Keep the car here (6).
4. Only just on the target (5).
5. How we stand? (6).
6. Algerian cavalryman (6).
7. Impel (5).
12. Your child? Of course not! (4).
13. Afresh (4).
15. It's genuine (4).
16. Cleric from Aden (4).
18. Bath cake? (6).
20. Set 'em right! (6).
21. Acting ruler (6).
23. Walking lightheartedly? (2, 3).
24. Calls a number (6).
25. Gets gradually nearer the borders (6).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1. Caruso, 2. A-toll, 3. Lurch, 4. Threat, 10. Crane, 11. Bluff, 12. Act, 13. Using, 14. Agents, 15. Pome-t, 20. Sheds, 22. Plug, 23. Duets, 25. Flair, 26. Rattle, 27. Texan, 28. Stays, 29. Peddle. Down: 1. Cal-calls, 2. Rare type, 3. Blub, 4. Outings, 5. Account, 6. Thrust, 7. Lemon, 14. Isolated, 15. Gangrene, 16. Assures, 17. Eel trap, 18. Oddly, 21. He-lo, 24. Saw.

By The
SHAH OF PERSIA
AS TOLD TO
FREDERICK SANDS

other reason why I must
remarry."

The Shah is too much of a realist not to recognise that, as a reigning monarch, he must assure the continuance of his young dynasty through an heir. And under the present constitution this can only be a direct male descendant of the Shah.

It was in an effort to forestall a political storm that in 1957 the Shah announced to his Parliament that he would accompany the Queen on a ten-day medical examination by four of Switzerland's leading specialists at the end of their State visit to Spain.

What greater proof both of the Shah's love for Soraya and of the depth of their dilemma? When they arrived in Switzerland they went im-

mediately to Zurich, and the world waited for an announcement that Soraya had entered a clinic.

"NO MORE"

Instead, she went to cinema twice a day, but never near a doctor. By the end of the week the Shah took Soraya to Geneva.

There I talked with Soraya.

These were her words:

"No more doctors for me.

I have seen enough doctors

in the past three years to

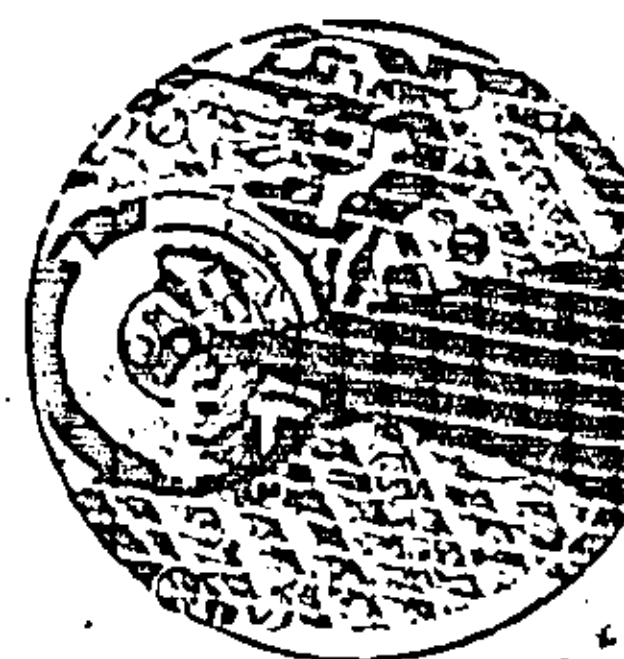
last me a lifetime. I have

seen the best in the world.

That is enough for me."



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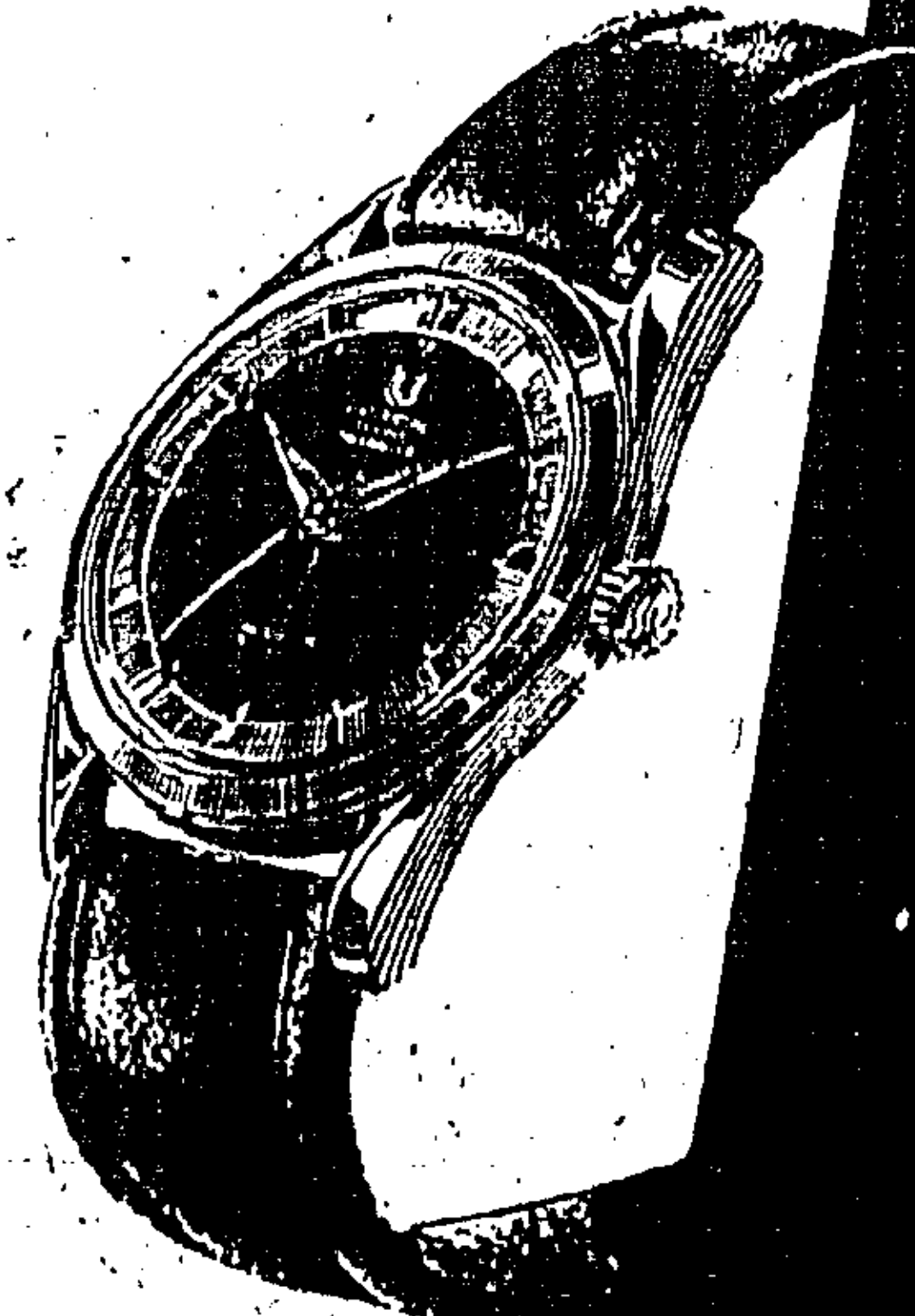
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THE STAR MAKER

BEGINNING THE FABULOUS STORY OF DARRYL ZANUCK...

When Cagney scoffed . . .



Monroe and Grable... Cagney and Clark Gable... those and a host of others among Hollywood's top names owe their chance of stardom to a short, cigar-smoking one-time shirt salesman who turned his talent to the cinema. The name is Darryl Francis Zanuck. This is his story... a story as fascinating as that of any of the stars he made.

IN the background the roulette wheels whirled and the croupiers chanted "Faites vos jeux" in their flat, sepulchral voices. But at the round chemin de fer table in the Palm Beach Casino in Cannes all was silent as the sun-tanned lady took the pink-backed chair next but one to the pale-faced lady.

In the chair between them sat Darryl Francis Zanuck, probably the last and certainly one of the greatest of the Hollywood film potentates.

The six-inch cigar, which belongs to his face like a TV aerial to a Beverly Hills roof, quivered slightly.

The sun-tanned lady was his ex-protégée, ex-candidate for stardom, and ex-constant companion—Bella Darvi.

The pale-faced lady was his new protégée, new candidate for stardom, and new constant companion—Juliette Greco.

The proteges exchanged the kind of eloquent revealing looks which no chemist's player could permit himself.

The mask

Zanuck gave Miss Darvi no word of greeting and retained his gambler's mask of indifference. She watched the game with an experienced eye.

Two seasons ago she had been helping to finance—and diminish—the pile of square, £1,000 chips which are always there to tempt Zanuck's right hand.

A few minutes later Miss Darvi left with one of those handsome, golden young men who hover round the tables.

Zanuck smiled wryly as the couple left. Who knows exactly what passed through the restless

Zanuck mind just at that moment?

He concentrated on the game. He turned up his cards. *Sep, et deux, neuf.*

He had won. But he showed no elation. For Zanuck the Riviera tables provide only a minor diversion for minor stakes—even with £1,000 chips.

As a reigning Hollywood potentate—he has gambled regularly for millions of pounds, taking his creations—films and stars—against the unpredictable taste of the public. He has won more often than most—but not always.

Star material

With Bella Darvi Zanuck lost. They met first in a Riviera casino. She was Polish and she had been modelling in Paris.

Zanuck liked what he saw. Here was the kind of beauty that flowered under the Mediterranean sun. Her smile was wide and eager, showing just a

little too much of her teeth, but they were lovely teeth.

Her eyes were small, with just a hint of greenish mischief. Her well-proportioned figure would need no supplementary aid from Hollywood experts.

Here, Zanuck thought, was star material. He whisked her to Hollywood, his kingdom. He decided to change her name, which was Welger. He took "Dar" from Darryl and "Vi" from Virginia, his wife's name.

This was the bold, much-discussed gesture, which could be called paternal, but which the Hollywood gossip called other things.

Zanuck said: "There's a lot of scandalous gossip about me. Always has been and always will be. I'm in a vulnerable position. But I'll never be divorced. I'm married and I stay married."

He has stayed married for 25 years to Virginia, whom he met when he was a struggling writer

and she was a bit player in silent films. A remarkable record for a ruler in a community like Hollywood, where marriages bloom and wither orchidaceously.

So Miss Darvi remained just Miss Darvi. And even the marriage which he had hoped to arrange between her and the public went wrong.

By instinct

She was groomed and trained at Zanuck's command. She was given leading parts in one or two films including *Hell and High Water*. But the public showed a marked indifference to her charms, and refused to accept Zanuck's choice.

Unregretfully, Zanuck says now: "You can't mass-produce stars on an assembly line like automobiles."



STARMAKER AND STARS... Darryl Zanuck with Ingrid Bergman and Juliette Greco... a party at Claridge's.

"All you can do is select what your experience and instinct tell you are the right people, create the right conditions for them to develop, and give them a chance to shine in the right parts. Then they're on their own. Then they have to woo the public. Sometimes they succeed. Sometimes they don't."

Now the question is: Will Juliette Greco succeed? He has created the right conditions for her and given her a chance to shine in his latest big film *The Robt of Heaven* with Errol Flynn, Trevor Howard, and Orson Welles.

From here on it is up to Miss Greco, formerly the vocal high priestess of existentialism who used to sing at cellar-level in Paris for Jean-Paul Sartre.

His chance

Throughout his career, Zanuck has been giving chances—often the first decisive ones—to a host of names that blossomed into stardom. Names like Betty Davis, James Cagney, Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Joan Blondell, Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Marilyn Monroe and many others.

But 33 years ago he was facing the problem of finding the right chance for himself. There was never any doubt in the mind of Darryl Francis Zanuck that he would make his career in the movie business. As a child it fascinated him. It still does.

He first saw the light that filters through cameras on September 5, 1902, in the small town of Wahoo in Nebraska, U.S.A.

When he was eight the family moved to Los Angeles and he was enrolled in the Page Military Academy.

He was a bright pupil but his attendance record was deplorable. He played truant regularly when he discovered he could earn a dollar a day by working as an extra at one of the old studios which specialised in cowboy and Indian movies.

His parents, who were solid, respectable, God-fearing Methodists, would have been appalled if they had known about his new career. But they were divinely ignorant. Until one afternoon....

In a wig

Young Zanuck, cast as an Indian maiden and proudly wearing a full wig, was waiting to step in front of the cameras. But the star of the movie, a temperamental lady, complained that her own wig didn't fit.

The director looked round, pointed at Zanuck, and said: "That youngster's got a big head. Try his wig."

Zanuck gave up his wig protestingly. It fitted the leading lady. Wigless but still in costume, he was sent on a tramcar to get a new wig from a costuming warehouse.

But by some fateful coincidence his mother was travelling on the same tramcar. She stared at her son unbelievably for a moment. Then she screamed: "What's happened? What have they done to you?"

He tried a quick-witted explanation about a school play. But the truth came out. He was dragged home to a heavy lecture and made to promise he would never get mixed up in the movie business as long as he lived.

It was a promise he could not keep. At 20—after serving in the Nebraska National Guard and working as a shirt salesman, rivet catcher, and poster tinter—he decided he could wait no longer for a place in the Hollywood sun.

At this stage, Zanuck, soaringly ambitious and youthfully brash, called himself a writer. He had sold a story to a physical culture magazine. It was called *Mad Duffie* and the sub-title was "Determined to die in a futile effort to make amends, love points him a better way and rekindles his desire to live."

Zanuck reasoned that if what he wrote was good enough for a physical culture magazine, it should be good enough for Hollywood.

In his mind he saw his name on the screen credits: "Script by Darryl F. Zanuck."

In a library

He said: "I'd give my right arm to be at the right desk in the picture business."

"It hurts to live in the glamour of it and hear stories about it all day long, without belonging to it."

He looked like being seriously hurt when the studio bosses, perhaps appalled by the standard of some of the literary material they had been buying, issued an edict that they would do business only with writers of established reputations, with published books to their credit.

It was then that Zanuck gave the first indication of the remarkable resourcefulness that would conquer Hollywood.

He was in too big a hurry to sit down to write a book and have it published in the accepted way. He may also

have had a passing doubt that his work might be rejected by a publisher.

With three of his rejected scripts under his arm he went to see the manufacturers of a hair tonic called *Vaccatone*.

Eagerness

Into the managing director's office he marched and said: "I'm having these stories published in book form. I think to much of your hair tonic that I'm willing to write a testimonial in the form of a short story and include it in the book."

"All you have to do is pay for the printing of the book." The managing director was impressed by young Zanuck's eagerness and initiative. He paid for the printing.

Zanuck called the book *Habit*, for some reason he has never been able to specify. He sent copies to the studios with specially printed cards announcing the publication of *Habit*, an important new book by Darryl F. Zanuck. He paid for the cards himself.

The studios took notice of the new literary name, and he was asked to write a script for Warner Bros.

The script was for a film starring Rin-Tin-Tin, the remarkable dog star which has never been outclassed, even by Lassie.

This first script was voted a success by everyone, including Rin-Tin-Tin. Zanuck was given a contract at 75 dollars a week to write all the scripts for Rin-Tin-Tin.

It was a highly successful partnership between dog and man.

(Continued on Page 7 Col. 1)

ISLAND ITS BACK AT HOLIDAY HOOLIGANS

Teenagers Will Be Flogged

UNRULY teenagers who step out of line and get into trouble while holidaying in the Isle of Man are due for a shock.

The government of the island—the only place in the British Isles where the courts can order juveniles up to the age of 15 to be flogged—are introducing legislation to extend the age limit for birching to 17.

Mr William Quayle, a Member of Parliament and chairman of the juvenile bench of magistrates, said: "The knowledge that they can be birched if they are brought before the courts for hooliganism or any type of unruly behaviour will act as a powerful deterrent."

SENTENCE IMMEDIATE!

"A fine has little effect because the majority of the youths between 15 and 17 have plenty of money in their pockets when they come here on holidays. What they need is a short, sharp lesson and the birch will supply that."

A police officer said that a birch rod is kept in every police station on the island.

"A sentence of birching is carried out immediately. It is imposed and the birching is done by the sergeant on duty at the time. The officer is bent over and his trousers re-

moved. Parents may be present if they wish."

In his annual report the Chief Constable, Mr C. Beatty-Pownall, said: "It would appear that this hooliganism, which is common to other resorts in the British Isles, is more than a passing phase and it seems likely we shall be faced with it for some time to come."

Last year, stern measures were taken on the island to deal with juvenile delinquents. One 11-year-old boy, convicted of larceny, was banned by the magistrates from coming back to the island for two years, and he was kept in detention overnight so the police could see him off on the boat the following morning.

In many cases, juveniles have been fined up to £10 for disorderly behaviour.

SCRUBBING

There is no remand home on the island and juveniles who are kept in detention are locked up in rooms over the police headquarters, in Douglas. Here the only exercise they get is scrubbing the floors of the courthouse and the police station.

By a Special Correspondent

Police Insp. Robert Quine is disturbed about the fact that flick knives are on sale in Douglas.

"Last year, flick knives had to be confiscated by the police along with other weapons including a studded belt. And this summer things will be worse unless something is

done to stop it," said Inspector Quine.

The Rev. Harry Warme, a Methodist minister, blames the hooliganism on the fact that there are so many facilities for drinking in Douglas. He described the front at Douglas as "one long pub."

ROUND-UP

KEEPING CONGREGATION WARM

THE Rev. J. Catterick, Rector of Ashwell, near Hitchin, Hertfordshire, has told his parishioners that during cold weather rugs and blankets will be available in the church. He has also suggested that they might like to bring hot-water bottles, which can be filled at the Rectory.

SUSSEX PLAICE

SUSSEX is without one of its favourite delicacies—locally caught plaice. They have gone to spawn in deeper waters. And, says Mr H. Boniface, chief fisheries officer to the Sussex Sea Fisheries Committee, they won't be back in Rye Bay until the end of February. But at Eastbourne there have been good catches of dogfish—sold at the fish and chip shops as "Rock Salmon." There is also more eel but it has been a very poor season for herrings.

HOLIDAY TIME

IS

SWISSAIR

TIME

Fly from Hong Kong to Bangkok, Calcutta, Karachi, Cairo, Geneva and Zurich, with immediate connections to all major European cities.

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"Comrades! Look, things have happened since last we met..."

...THE MAN WHOSE MAGIC TOUCH TURNS UNKNOWN INTO HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST NAMES

(Continued from Page 6)

According to Zanuck he was "the most brilliant animal that ever lived."

Rin-Tin-Tin was probably the most talented of any of the stars Zanuck has since handled. He responded immediately when the director said "Action," turned his best angle to the camera, and lay down when he knew the scene was over, even before the director shouted "Cut."

He could do practically anything except write his own scripts.

But he was also as temperamental as any star Zanuck has since handled. Everyone who worked on the set was bitten at one time or another in one place or another by Rin-Tin-Tin.

Zanuck escaped for two or three films, but his time was coming. The unit went on location to Oregon, when they were making a film titled *Lighthouse on the Sea*.

One of the scenes was filmed on a boat on a lake. When Zanuck was leaning over the side talking to the director, Rin-Tin-Tin, who presumably didn't approve of the script, saw his chance.

He bit. Zanuck finished the film, but shortly afterwards he ended his association with Rin-Tin-Tin and transferred his talents to general non-canine features. He never made another film starring a dog. And he never allowed himself to be caught with his back turned to an angry star.

Sudden farce

In the next year Zanuck scripted 19 films. His name appeared so often in screen credits the exhibitors started to complain that Warner Bros. should be able to afford more than one writer.

His bosses told him to think up some other names "and keep on turning the stuff."

One of the three pseudonyms he used under was Melville Cressman, who impressed a rival studio—M-G-M—so much that they offered him a contract. Zanuck, on Cressman's behalf, turned it down.

His writing may have been prolific, but his pay was poor.



BELLA DARVI... a meeting in a Riviera casino... and a chance of stardom.



CAGNEY, BETTE DAVIS, and HARRY DAVENPORT... three of Zanuck's stars in "The Bride Came C.O.D." one of his long list of successes with Warner Brothers.

How Bette Davis had her first film test

After four years he was earning only 125 dollars a week. But his reward was sudden and huge.

One night just before going home after a hard day over a hot typewriter he was told to report to Harry and Jack Warner, bosses of the studios. He entered their parlor with a nervous, wondering expression, wondering if one of his scripts had mislaid.

The brothers Warner invited him to sit down. They offered him a cigar. Brother Harry held out a gold lighter. Brother Jack said:

"We've just fired the studio executive producer. Who do you think should take over?"

Zanuck said he had no idea. Brother Jack went on: "I'll tell you. You take over. Starting tomorrow at 5,000 dollars a week."

Zanuck dropped the cigar. When he was gazing pasting through the studio gates the watchman whispered:

"They've fired the boss out. Wonder who'll get the job?" Zanuck said: "I've got it."

The watchman laughed hysterically and incredulously.

Other Hollywood citizens laughed too. At 24 Zanuck was the youngest-ever executive producer. At that age, said the laughter, he lacked the experience and knowledge to rule a big studio.

They underestimated Darryl Francis Zanuck. He strutted into command with Napoleonic naturalness.

The stammer which for years had interrupted the flow of a nervous talk disappeared. His high-pitched voice began to develop a cutting edge.

His moustache sprouted into the inverted V shape he still favors, which gives him the bold, defiant air of a Mexican bandit.

He went backstage after the show and met them in Cagney's dressing-room.

Cagney looked at Zanuck's card, then looked at Zanuck's embryonic moustache and said:

"You look too young to be the boss. You must be the boss's son."

He passed the card to Miss Blizell, who looked at it sceptically. She said:

"New York's full of young wolves with phony business cards and phony offers of film tests. If you're the big boss of the film studios I'm Rin-Tin-Tin's mother."

Fascinated Zanuck left angrily, but next day he instructed the New York office to send an older, dignified-looking executive to make them a formal offer to come to Hollywood.

When they first arrived and entered his office Zanuck was standing beside his desk. Rin-

Tin-Tin was sitting in his executive chair.

Just after they left his office, after signing their first Hollywood contracts, a young, nervous girl was shown in.

She wasn't the comely blonde type like Miss Blondell. She wasn't an all-American beauty. Her eyes were too big. Her gait was ungainly. She jerked across the floor like a neurotic hen.

In Zanuck's opinion, Barrymore was "one of the greatest actors who ever breathed."

When Barrymore was criticised for his drinking habits Zanuck would say: "Sure he drinks too much but even when he's drunk he can out act anyone sober."

At a party they attended together another Hollywood actor told Barrymore he was a disgrace to the profession.

Barrymore recited a long speech from a play the actor had attempted on Broadway the previous season. Barrymore gave it more meaning than the actor had ever done and then challenged him to walk in a

straight line by the edge of the swimming pool. Protected by the "alcoholics' good" lady Barrymore walked straight. The actor fell in.

About this time there were unmistakable signs that the talkies had advanced beyond the experimental stage.

But Zanuck had just completed *Nash's Ark*, which was to be the biggest silent epic of them all.

When it was previewed the audience received it enthusiastically.

Zanuck, however in a characteristic gesture, withdrew it and remade sections of it with a sound track, bringing the cost to well over a million dollars.

At its second showing it flopped disastrously.

These new-fangled talkies, said the Hollywood pundits, are doomed.

And so to this day Zanuck... London Express Service.

TEST: BETTE DAVIS. "I think this girl has the makings of a great actress though she lacks the obvious over-rated physical attributes for screen success. I would give her a contract."

Zanuck did.

New phase

But there was something about her that fascinated Zanuck. He sent her to see George Arliss, who was then his most respected actor and director.

Arliss tested her and sent Zanuck a memo which read:—

TEST: BETTE DAVIS. "I think this girl has the makings of a great actress though she lacks the obvious over-rated physical attributes for screen success. I would give her a contract."

Zanuck did.

Zanuck did.

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Revenge proved not-so-sweet for "Scarface"

CHICAGO in the 1920's was no place for a law-abiding citizen. It was a citadel of uncontrolled, and uncontrolled, sin.

Gun-toting thugs not only mowed each other down in the streets but anyone else fool enough to get in the way. Gang warfare was rife. It was the hey-day of the big racketeers.

One of the biggest of them all was the sinister, heavily built "Scarface" Al Capone. It was reckoned that more than 500 men died in his orders.

Yet the police could not touch him. No one would testify against him. Any potential squealers were taken "for a ride"—and never came back.

Greedy for power

So Capone ruled, violently, amazing one great fortune after another—until that grim St Valentine's Day of 1929, just 30 years ago.

Then Capone brought off his bloodiest coup of all. Seven men died brutally that day on his orders—but he had overstepped his mark. An outraged public would take no more.

February 14, 1929, was a grey, but fine day in Chicago. All over the world lovers were remembering, each in their own way, the day when the most powerful man in America was delivering anonymous, frivolous messages.

But there was no love in the heart of Al Capone. He was the malevolent instinct which had sown the seed of his latest plot in his twisted mind.

It was inevitable that Capone and his mob should clash with Bugs Moran's gang.

Judas kiss

Both were gang chiefs with boundless ambition and greed for more power. Both were deeply involved in the illicit liquor racket. Both were stop-at-nothing killers.

To add fuel to the fire two of Capone's key men had been shot down just before that grim St Valentine's Day, on Moran's orders.

So with terrifying thoroughness Capone set his plan in motion.

On Wednesday, February 13, Bugs Moran received a "phone call." A truckload of liquor was in Clark Street—could he pick it up next morning?

Moran agreed. A time was fixed. He had no cause to suspect trouble—the message was from one of his most reliable contacts, a trusted member of the gang.

But that phone call was the Judas kiss. The trap was set. In Chicago's Clark Street the next morning life went on its drab, monotonous way. Clark Street was a peaceful area; the sort of place where nothing ever happens.

Block 2110 was fairly typical—a few houses, a few shops, and

WHEN HATE WALKED ON VALENTINE'S DAY
Seven died, shot in the back

able contacts, a trusted member of the gang.

But that phone call was the Judas kiss. The trap was set. In Chicago's Clark Street the next morning life went on its drab, monotonous way. Clark Street was a peaceful area; the sort of place where nothing ever happens.

Block 2110 was fairly typical—a few houses, a few shops, and

lay on the stone floor.

The entire neighborhood was roused by the shooting. Housewives and their menfolk rushed to the windows to see what had happened.

But Capone had even bargained for that. What they saw was three "policemen" leading away two men in civilian clothes.

Obviously it was a "fair cop."

So the St Valentine's Day Massacre went unavenged... but not quite.

The police were unable to pin any criminal charge on Al Capone, but they knew he was behind the killing. And this time they were determined to put him behind bars.

His days as the King of the Gangsters were drawing to a close.

From then on he was hounded. He was charged and charged again with one trifling offence after another.

Where criminal charges failed the police found they could gather evidence on taxation charges. So he was charged with evading income tax.

It was still going to be tough—Capone had too many friends to be convicted—without a struggle. Yet that is just what happened.

Contrary to all beliefs he pleaded guilty. The police were amazed—but quick to take advantage of the heaven-sent opportunity.

Given 10 years During the trial Capone explained he wanted to go to jail. Again he had made a miscalculation—by underestimating the probable length of his sentence.

He tried to change his plea—but it was too late. The judge was adamant. In his refusal Capone was sentenced to 10 years, and still his downfall was not complete.

In jail, even the hoodlums he had been brought up with turned against him. As a powerful man they had feared and respected him.

His former friends and allies ganged up against him; bullied and taunted him. For the duration of his sentence he was persecuted.

After one particularly vicious incident when a fellow convict tried to knife him, his nerve finally gave way. He broke down and wept.

His career, stormy and spectacular, was over. When he was released he was a sick man. He retired to lead a quiet life.

In 1947 he died. It was not a bitter end for the king of the Gangsters. He passed away peacefully... in his sleep.

It was never forthcoming. After 10 months the prosecutor gave up. McGurn was freed.

Scarface Al Capone had taken his revenge. With terrible precision his fake policemen had carried out their duty. In 10 brutal seconds seven corpses freed.

By GRAHAM WILSON

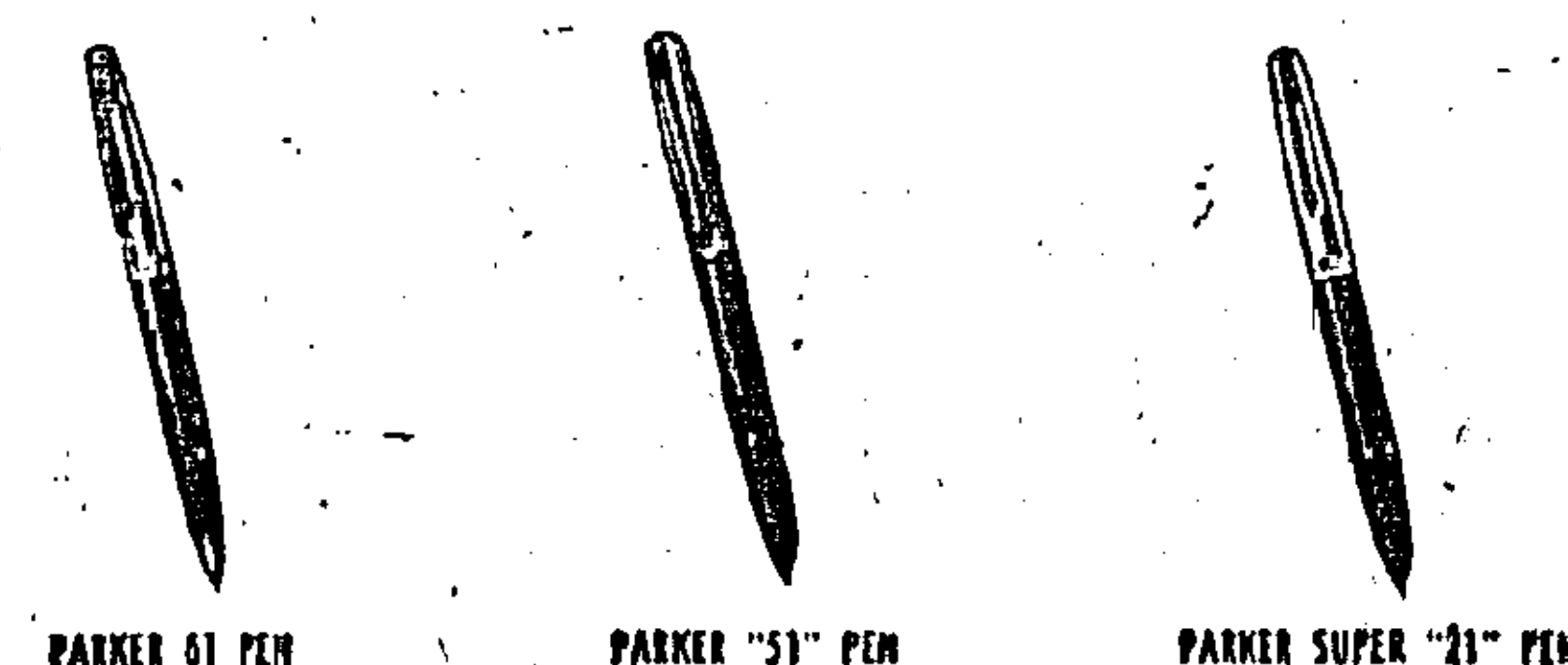
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LETTER FROM A HEADLESS GHOST

What's in a name?

MANY visitors, after passing through such aromatic districts as the Central Market, Yaumatei, and the back streets of Tsimshatsui, are delighted to be told that the name, Hongkong, perhaps better pronounced Hong Keung, is translated as Fragrant Harbour.

I have no intention of starting an argument, and the only forthright statement I will permit myself to say that, in its origin, the name Hongkong was not applied to the whole of the Island.

There are two Chinese characters, and although we Europeans have run several of the Chinese characters together to pronounce them in a manner approximating to the Chinese phonetic rendering, I should say we are wrong. After all, who asks for Whitehorsewhisky?

Every Chinese character has its own meaning, and it is my contention that all Chinese place names should be rendered in monosyllabic form to better render the Chinese sense.

So Hongkong should be pronounced *Hong Keung*. Of the first character, there is little doubt for the Englishman. Its meaning is fragrant, in the sense that incense is fragrant. It cannot be given the abstract wider form that the English word, fragrant, can be given.

★ ★ ★

The character *Keung* means harbour. But the reason for this name is hard to find. I am aware of most theories, and I have turned up several references concerning the theory that the best thing to do is to say something on how the name, Hongkong, was first used by the British, and you can then please yourself as to which theory you find most apt.

Originally, when the Island was almost a deserted rock, the Spanish sailors called it the "Ladrones," the same name they gave a group of islands that still bear that name.

Later we find Hongkong is known to the Chinese as *Hung Heung Loo To*, the Isle of the Red Incense Burner.

The latter I find interesting, for I came upon such an explanation at the School of Chinese, attached to the University of Hongkong.

★ ★ ★

Our teacher pointed to the similarity between the Peak and an incense burner, and advanced the theory that there could be some explanation on that account. We have to wait for the early nineteenth century before we find the name Hongkong figuring in British ken.

Vessels of the East India Company, coming from Canton and Europe, often used the anchorage at Aberdeen, and frequently took on water supplies from the waterfalls near Aberdeen, marked on modern maps as Waterfall Bay.

But the whole difficulty about the thing is, what has a pure stream to do with fragrant harbour?

For this fresh water stream, running down the hillside, became famous in the centuries past, and asking the name of the place, they were told *Hong Keung*.

Now I will add confusion to confusion. The people who were really friendly to the foreigners were the *Pan*, or boat people, in pointing to the Island in the direction of the waterfall where they were anchored, the British sailors would ask the name.

The boat people would reply in their dialect *Hongkong*, meaning fragrant stream. It needed only the word *Kong* (in their tone) to be mistaken for *Kwong*, a seaport, to find where the British translation for Hong-*Keung*, Fragrant Harbour, originated.

The rest is easy. Entering the name *Hongkong* on their charts, the British mariners mistook the local designation of Hongkong, and applied it to the whole Island.

Sai Yin Poon, or Western Camp, has nothing to do with the camp established near West Point, by the Military a century ago. It goes back to about 1800, when the pirate, Cheung Po, established three camps or fortified positions on the Island. His Eastern one was at North Point, and his central fortified position was just below the site occupied by the Central Police Station.

But local party officials were somewhat puzzled when a gentleman arrived with the claim that he intended to stand for the Unplanned Economy Party. He was told there never had been any such party. "Well, there is now," said he. "I've just started it." He gave his name as Basil Kortright. But an elderly lady identified him as Baron Kirehwasen, who had once proposed to her daughter, "Foulmouth again," said a dejected official.

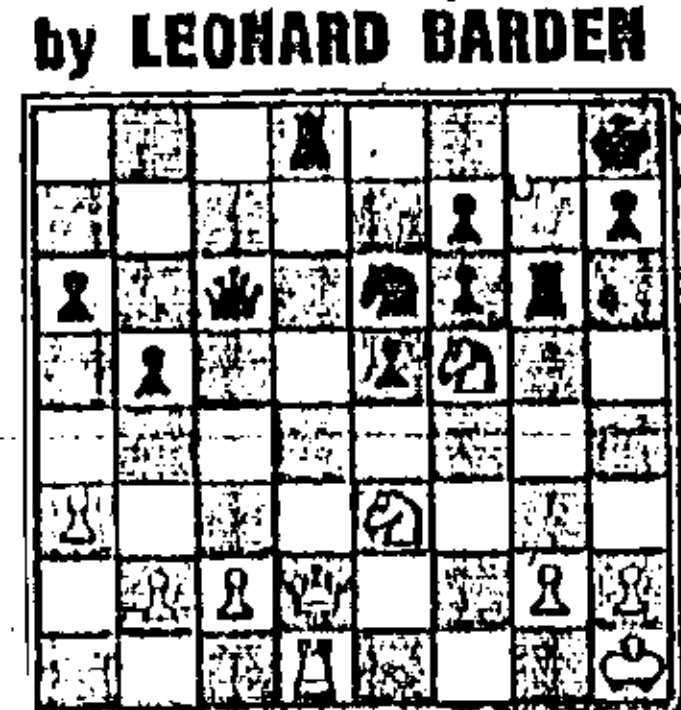
Another tragedy

Diffident Charlie always felt that if he wore a broad, strong belt as well as braces, there would be no risk of a calamity.

At last one night in Chislehurst both articles of clothing burst, and in a huff his Uncle Bill cut Charlie's name out of his will.

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a position from a game won by the young English master Peter Clarke. White to move and win. (No. 1009) London Express Service.

Wise words

Waiting is coming to be regarded as a process similar to that of putting petrol in the tank. (Mr. Laurence Eastbrook.)

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: When asked what was the best way to get to the top of the mountain, the answer was: "Don't go." (London Express Service.)

By

JOHN LUFF

Many places in Hongkong and the surrounding district receive their names from a fancied resemblance to a familiar object. Thus the old name for Causeway Bay, Tung Loong Wan, which means Dragon's Bay. This name has little significance now because reclamation has taken away the ancient contours of Causeway Bay. Tung Loong Wan, or the Island of Lanterns, is now Kellott Island. Shau Ki Wan means Silver Bay.

Ap-li-chau, just off Aberdeen means in Chinese, Duck's Tongue Island. Both Chinese and British now use the same name for Cheung Chau; Long Island. But a generation ago, it was quite common to refer to it as Dumb-bell Island, at least illustrating that the British could be as fanciful in their names as the Chinese.

Everyone who takes a car through the New Territories is familiar with that rock formation that juts out against the skyline. Known now to all as Amah Rock, it has been called by the British, Amah and Child, and Statue Rock. The Chinese name is *Mon Fu Shek*, which has the meaning of the wife looking for her husband.

Lye Mun, our entrance to Hongkong harbour, has the meaning, Grap Fish Gate; and as far as I am able to gain anything from local folk lore, it refers to an enormous fish which lived in these waters, seeking where he might devour.

At the other end of the Harbour is Kap Shui Mun, literally, Rapid Water Gate. No doubt many of our local yachtsmen could testify to the fact that this latter is well named.

The Chinese mark their maps with characters which convey exactly that meaning. But formerly, the small bay there was known as *Tai Chi Mui*, or Seven Sisters' Bay. Legend has it that Seven Sisters committed suicide at this unhappy spot, and the Chinese name commemorates this sad story.

I have never heard the Chinese name for the lot of old and Stubby Road, but once it must have been fairly common, for

the records I am using denote it. Kwai Tuen Lung, which could be translated, "The Dragon injured by road excavation." Maybe a visit to this spot will reveal the Dragon's injuries.

★ ★ ★

The next I can vouch for. It is only recently that Robinson Road has lost its ancient appearance. The rapid building of the huge blocks of flats have completely obliterated its ancient landmarks. But when I first arrived just after the war, and was sent to live in Conduit Road, both Robinson and Conduit Roads were peaceful areas where one could stroll leisurely.

But at one spot, where the road narrows and winds, none dare walk at night, and once I saw, on Ghost Night, certain fires lighted to placate the headless ghost who claimed that area. And so that area was known as *Man Kwai Kui*, or Fierce Ghost Bridge.

Since writing this, I have received the following:

"Sir: Regarding your reference to *Man Kwai Kui*, the motor traffic has rendered my walk too dangerous. I can assure you it is too risky to further haunt this area."

"Yours etc., 'The Headless Ghost.'"

These are but a few of the picturesque names which recall Old Hongkong, and it will repay the reader to get a map, printed in both Chinese and English, and to do a little research on his own account.

It might be interesting at this point to show how a few British names entered into the designation of some of Hongkong's streets and landmarks.

★ ★ ★

Take for instance Jervois Street and Bonham Strand; these two thoroughfares recall a disastrous fire of 1851.

On December 23, 1851, during a considerable gale, a fire broke out in what was then known as Sheungwan Market.



His Excellency Sir Francis Henry May, K.C.M.G., who became Hongkong's Governor in 1912. May Road was named after him.

In spite of heroic efforts made by the Royal Engineers, some hundreds of Chinese houses to the north of Queen's Road were destroyed, and about thirty lives were lost.

★ ★ ★

After the holocaust, the whole area was rebuilt with considerable improvements and the most eastern and western streets were named Jervois Street and Bonham Strand.

Jervois Street was so named after Major General Jervois, who personally directed the Royal Engineers in fighting the fire.

Bonham Strand was named after the Governor, Sir George Bonham, who gave liberal aid to the fire victims.

Hillier Street commemorates Mr. Charles Batten Hillier, who was magistrate and coroner in Hongkong as long ago as 1843.

He was later promoted Consul to Siam.

He earned immense respect from the early Chinese settlers in the Colony, so much so that upon his departure in 1858, a huge Chinese procession formed up at Tai Ping Shan, and proceeded to the residence of Mr. Hillier. They carried presents and an address which recorded that Hongkong was losing an upright and honest friend.

The newspapers were not so definite, and printed the following ambiguous statement: "The Colony has lost, if not the brightest, certainly one of the most honest, conscientious and straightforward of its servants."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Hillier died the same year as he left Hongkong.

Gough Street, like Mount Gough, was named after Major-General Sir Hugh Gough, General Officer Commanding troops out here when Hongkong became British.

Aberdeen Street, as the village of the same name, was named after the Earl of Aberdeen who was Foreign Secretary during the 1840s.

★ ★ ★

Staunton Street was named after Sir George Staunton, the famous translator of the original statutes of the T'ang Dynasty (the penal code of China). This was done that as far as possible, the penal code of Hongkong should conform where desirable to the penal code of China.

Sir George Staunton was a trusted servant of the East India Company long before the British came to Hongkong, and later, as a Member of Parliament, he strongly supported the policy of Sir John Davis in the face of much current criticism, that if trade was to be established here, then a British outpost was necessary, away from the squeeze of the avaricious mandarins.

So, what's in a name? Quite a lot sometimes!

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

THE rollicking and tumble-cum-trivy at Bournemouth has reached such a stage that one candidate more or less makes no difference.

But local party officials were somewhat puzzled when a gentleman arrived with the claim that he intended to stand for the Unplanned Economy Party. He was told there never had been any such party. "Well, there is now," said he. "I've just started it." He gave his name as Basil Kortright. But an elderly lady identified him as Baron Kirehwasen, who had once proposed to her daughter, "Foulmouth again," said a dejected official.

Another tragedy

Diffident Charlie always felt that if he wore a broad, strong belt as well as braces, there would be no risk of a calamity.

At last one night in Chislehurst both articles of clothing burst, and in a huff his Uncle Bill cut Charlie's name out of his will.

Remarkably, "One thing I know is trousers trailing on the floor."

The whole bag of tricks

EVERYBODY who has read about Mr. Mikoyan's bonhomie in America must have waited in confidence for the climax. Surely there would be a photograph showing him being kind to children. And, after some delay, there it was, it proved, if proof were needed. If the distinguished representative of a country is caught by the camera at such a moment, Big Business smiles through its tears and glimpses a vision of a better world. "Why, he's human!" yowled a million-aire. If he comes here and strokes a dog, we're done for.

Oh, I say, look here!

THE screams of people being tortured, interpolated in a broadcast of a long-playing record of a Wagner opera, cannot be regarded as anything but an abuse of subliminal advertisement of a horror-film. (Report of Glenview Art Circle.)

Try this game

"AN epigram, or what passes for an epigram today," says an article, "will do more to win you a reputation for cleverness than any amount of conversation." That is true. Watch people's faces when you say dogmatically, "Tchekov was the Debussy of literature," or "Tembrindt's shadows reveal more than all Tiepolo's sunlight," or "Scribe and Gordin were masons, not architects," or "Grieg's songs are Turgenev set to music." It is as easy as falling off a tip cocktail stool.

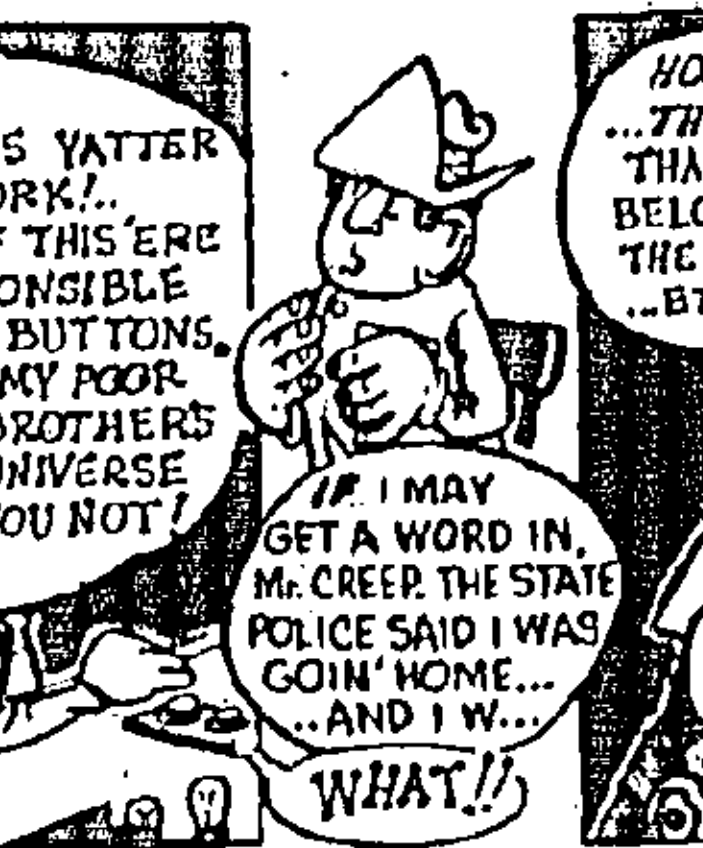
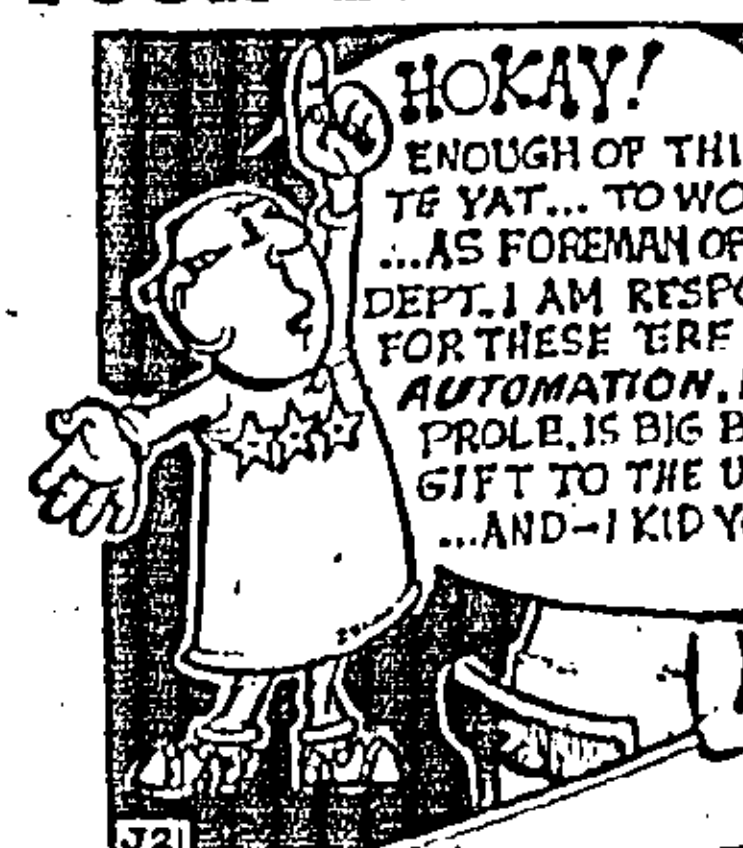
Waiting is coming to be regarded as a process similar to that of putting petrol in the tank. (Mr. Laurence Eastbrook.)

TARGET

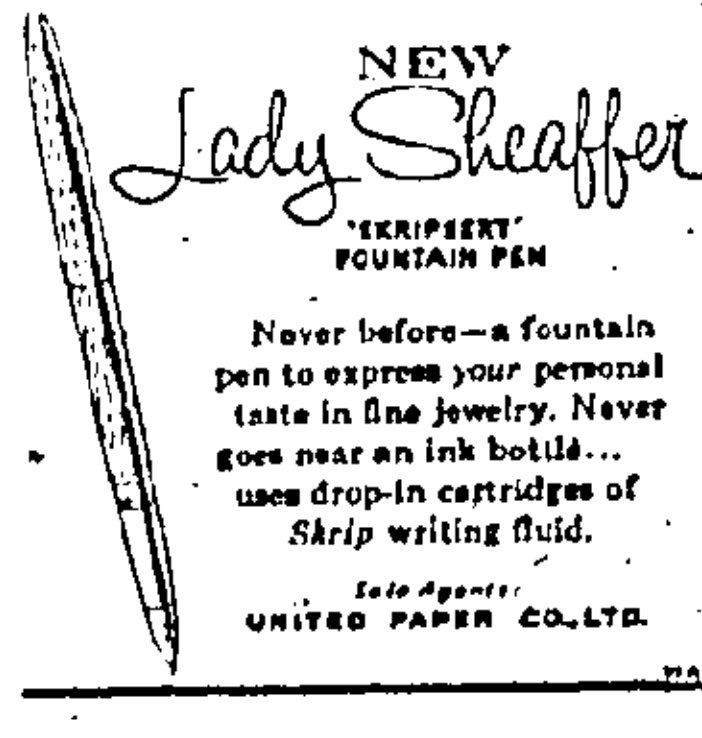
USL
LDS
CEO

HOW many words of 10 or more letters can you find in the letters in the square on the left? The letters in the square are: U, S, L, L, D, S, C, E, O. The small squares may be used once only. Each word must contain the large letter in the centre square, and there must be at least one letter word in the list. No plurals, no foreign words, and no proper nouns. TODAY'S TARGET: 11 words. Good! 20 words: excellent! Tomorrow.

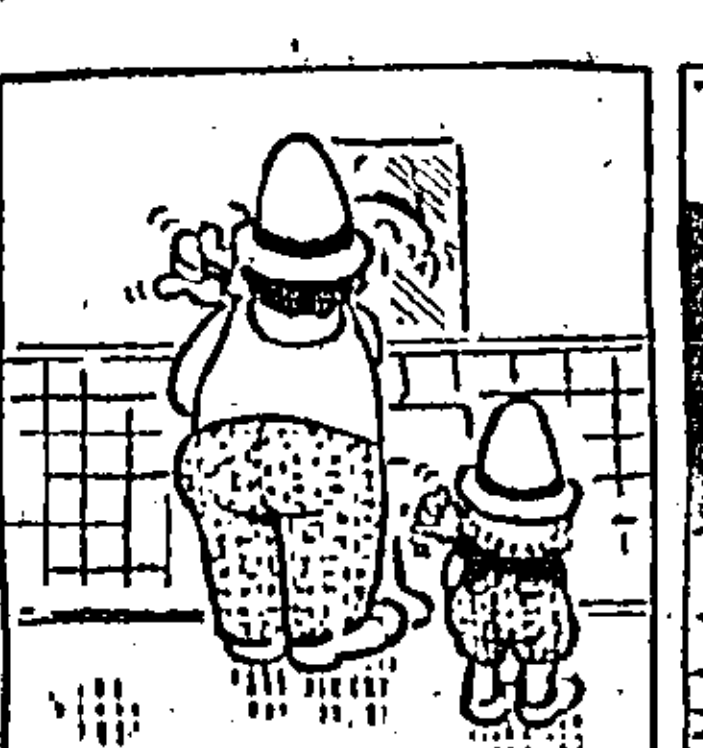
FOUR D. JONES



by MADDOCKS



FERD'NAND



BRICK BRADFORD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Fashion's Young Dictator makes some confessions



Yves St. Laurent talks to Joy Matthews

'I do not have any real woman in mind when I create my collections'

LOOKING pale and even more like the Bernard Buffet portrait of himself than seems possible, Yves St. Laurent, now the ripe age of 22, sat more easily in the throne of office than I remember seeing him do a year ago.

But it is a throne as remote from the realities of the world he lives in as a monk's cell.

"I do not have any real woman in mind when I create my collections," he told me. "The only woman in my

thoughts is the woman in my drawings, and later the mannequin on whom I make the dress. I never visualise a woman walking in the streets, shopping, or boarding a bus when I design.

"Once the collection is done I do not think of the clothes I have designed any more.

"I lose interest completely and I rarely see anyone wearing one of my designs. Whether made here or off-the-peg, each looks as perfect as the actual model I make on the mannequin."

M. St. Laurent denies that there is a big turn-over of fashion in Paris.

"Only every 10 or 15 years is there a great revolution. In my own collection, for example," he said, "a quarter is for the 'hemlines.' The rest is purely evolution of style, as there must be continuity, so that women really can wear their clothes more than one season."

A CHANGE

His taste, however, has changed considerably in the last 12 months. For example, he no longer worships the eighteenth century nor is his favourite colour black.

He likes both bright and pastel colours, but he was wearing blue from head to toe—coat, tie, and pullover. Only his shirt was palest blue and his shoes were good, strong English black.



Excellent for the aged and convalescent.

Babies

love Nestum The easy-to-eat cereal flakes

Made from a blend of pre-cooked cereals, enriched with B vitamins and mineral salts, NESTUM is the ideal first solid food for infants. It is also a delicious breakfast food as well as a substantial evening meal for school children and adults.



No cooking, just add milk or water.

Nestum

VERONICA PAPWORTH

UP SKIMMED A SUNBURNED MAN WITH A BRILLIANT SMILE AND A STRANGE, HYPNOTIC CHARM

I glide into a world where years don't count

Auron (Alpes-Maritimes). I AWAKENED this morning in the room from which Christian Dior once wrote: "I will think often of this rosy happiness and the mountains." I awakened to the sound of music and a scene that Brueghel might have painted.

In their scarlets, yellows, and vivid blues, the skaters were out early in the sunshine, was irresistible.

I had never before had the faintest desire to skate, but it was irresistible.

Once into some borrowed boots I was introduced to a jaded version of a kitchen chair or skis, and, swinging to the music, I set off—pushing all before me.

Several times I circled the rink. Then up skimmed a darkly sunburned man with a brilliant smile—"Ah, Mademoiselle, throw away that thing. Slowly... slowly... like a bird... the arms like wings. To the right... to the left."

Portrayed without exaggeration

It was Antoine—cutting intricate figures around me as he changed encouragement.

Antoine, the greatest French hairdresser there has ever been, Antoine—who once slept in a glass coffin, wore a tomato-red suit, dyed his dog blue, and invented the shingle—he whom Fernandel portrayed without exaggeration in *Coffeur des Dames*.

As a fashion writer, I can find no words for this man. How many times have I described a mere evening wrap as "fabulous"... a nonsense of a hat as "fantastic."

Antoine is the MOST. His exuberance is real and utterly spontaneous.

Such is his strange, almost hypnotic charm that I found myself skating with him, making bird movements—"The right wing, then the left"—while his thoughts chased themselves around my head.

"It can't be he—skating like this. Friend of Lady Mendl—of Coco Chanel, Schiaparelli, Chevallier, Mistinguett—however old can he be?"

Beating, beating all the time

I continued my birdlike movements until, flushed with success, I skated across the rink alone. Then over a cup of coffee Antoine supplied the answer.

We were talking of Chanel and her astonishing "come-back."

"She is old," said he, "but (proudly) I am older. I am 70. Since he looks about 55, my astonishment was not simulated."

"How do you do it, Antoine?" "It is simple. I eat little—no little—like a sparrow. I got close—so close—to nature. And I have no bad thoughts."

"Please explain about nature."

"It is the rhythm of life that I feel, beating, beating

all the time. To so many people a tree is a tree. But when I am close to a tree I become one. I am feeling the sap rising in me. "There is a pulse I feel—it is perhaps the heart of the world beating. "So today, when you have skated, you have been in love with the sun and the snow—you have been at one with the ice, yes?"

Each day an adventure

"Yes," said I, a little doubtfully, feeling my bruises—"And explain about the bad thoughts, please."

"A materialistic way of life—that is bad. Money, possessions, power—love of these things is written on the face. Jealousy, greed, and envy turn the stomach sour—make illness inside. I have no such thoughts. "Each day is a new day—an adventure."

"But if you weren't a successful man would it be so?" "When I was poor my aim was always the same."

"I arrived in Paris from Warsaw, with an astrakhan hat, a Catholic Prayer-book, and five gold pieces sewn into my overcoat."

"But from the beginning I was happy. Send out happiness—it makes a great circle."

He swept his arms wide. "And it will return, bringing so much with it."

Imitation Bardots by the dozen

At night it seems the bars of A this very gay little town are filled with imitation Bardots. I have a theory that the management orders them up by the dozen as required for decoration. Some wear their hair down their backs—some pile it high. All, without exception, wear pale lipstick and spend their time pouting. Which is, I suspect, singularly difficult to do. Especially while drinking.

In spite of their uniform appearance their success, flirtation-wise, varies considerably, and I am constantly reminded of Dorothy Parker who wrote: "Some men break your heart in two."

Some men fawn and flatter. Some men never look at you. And that clears up the matter."

Why is the ginger-blond Bardot surrounded while the rose-blond Bardot sits alone? They seem as like as two peas to me—and the men "clear up the matter" in their usually inexplicable manner.

—(London Express Service).



What does the fashionable girl wear when she goes skiing or skating? Here is my choice, a plain—but strictly practical—anorak made of the softest leather. It belts low on the hips. For apres-ski, the hairiest of hairy sweaters (right) is a favourite, worn long.

PICTURE BY JOHN ADRIAAN

A woman's love of elegance... captured in a lipstick!



Smart women the world over prefer Revlon's 'Lustrous' Lipstick for its luxurious softness...and the vibrancy of fabulous Revlon colors.

U285A



ABOVE: Lady Black chats with a young patient at the Grantham Hospital in Aberdeen on Monday when she attended a Chinese New Year party for the children there. The party was given by the Red Cross.

★

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs David V. Ma drive away from St Margaret's Church shortly after their wedding this week. The bride is the former Miss Gertrude Maria Silva. The reception was held at the Peninsula Hotel.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Miguel C. do Martini shortly after their wedding in Macao recently. The bride is the daughter of a leading Macao barrister, and the groom is the Argentinian Charge d'Affaires in Taipei. — Lens Studio.



ABOVE: Miss Barbara Black making a speech during a prize presentation of Tingo's Athletic Institute at the grounds of the Hongkong Cricket Club last Saturday. Mr Billy Tingo is on right.

BELOW: Msgr. John Romaniello distributing some of the 1,058 packets of noodles to students of the Po Kok School last week. The noodles were donated by the Roman Catholic Relief Service, and were made at the Po Leung Kuk.



ABOVE: About 130 people were given used clothing and shoes by the Hongkong Society for the Blind at the Society's Room in the War Memorial Centre last Friday. Pictured is Mrs Ruth Kirby distributing the clothes.

★

LEFT: The Rt. Hon. Peter Thornycroft, MP, meeting officers of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment at Sek Kong last week during a visit to British troops stationed in the New Territories.

★

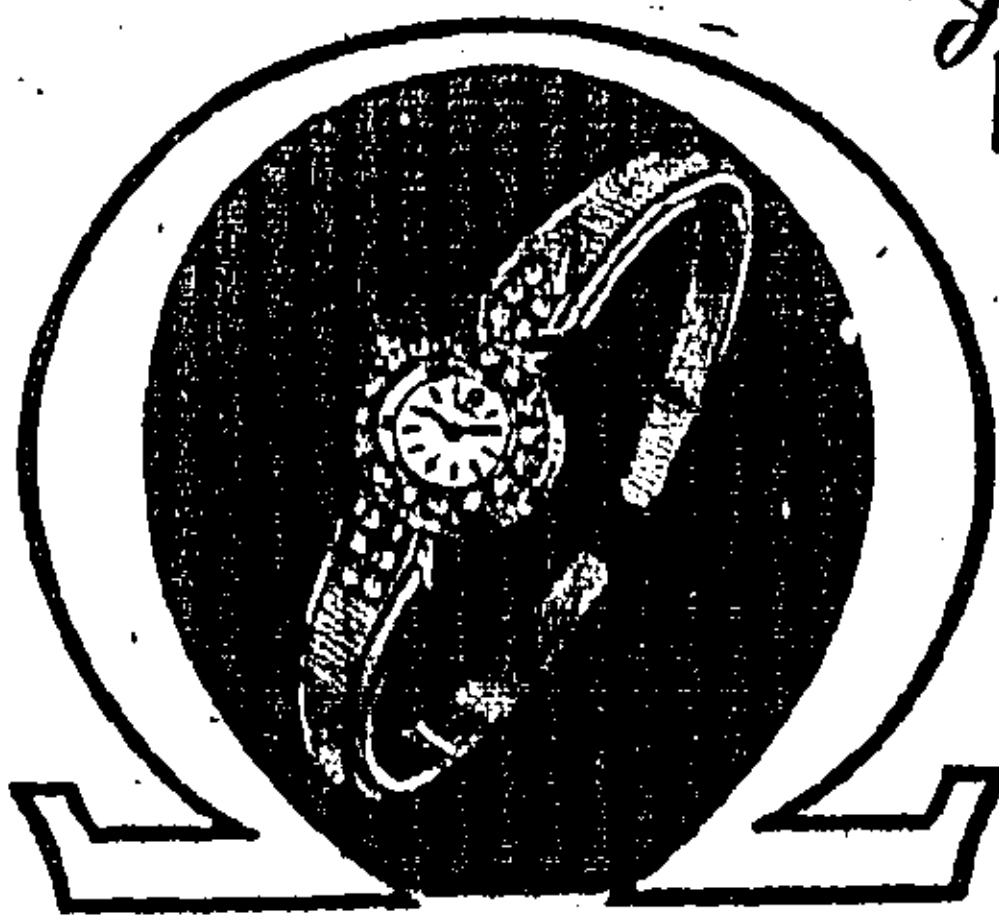
BELOW: Three Land Rovers and a Humber Super Snipe are loaded on the ss Citos last Saturday for trans-shipment to Honiara, Solomon Islands, for the use of the Duke of Edinburgh in his forthcoming visit there. Pictured with the cars on the dock are (l-r) the master of the ship, Captain E. L. Killman, and Chief Officer Hans von Strokirch.



BELOW: Dr Emmanuel L. P. Chang and his bride, the former Miss Elizabeth Young, pose with relatives and attendants shortly after their wedding at St Margaret's Church recently. Rev. Fr. F. Cronin, SJ, (left) officiated.

OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of Jewelled Watches for Ladies



Ranging from HK\$1000-

The watch the world has learned to trust. Some day, you will own one!

BUY ONLY FROM AUTHORISED RETAILERS

See Agents: CHITERS LTD. OMEGA * *Three* 24, Jardine House

ABOVE: Miss Yvonne Inglis launching a self-propelled Hopper barge, destined for the Port of Rangoon and built in Hongkong by the Pacific Islands Shipbuilding Co., Ltd. Miss Inglis was later presented with a gold watch by Mrs J. H. Vaughan on behalf of the directors of the Company.



INSTALL YOUR

Winter Heating NOW

LOOK AHEAD AND YOU'LL CHOOSE

PHILCO

REVERSE CYCLE HEATING

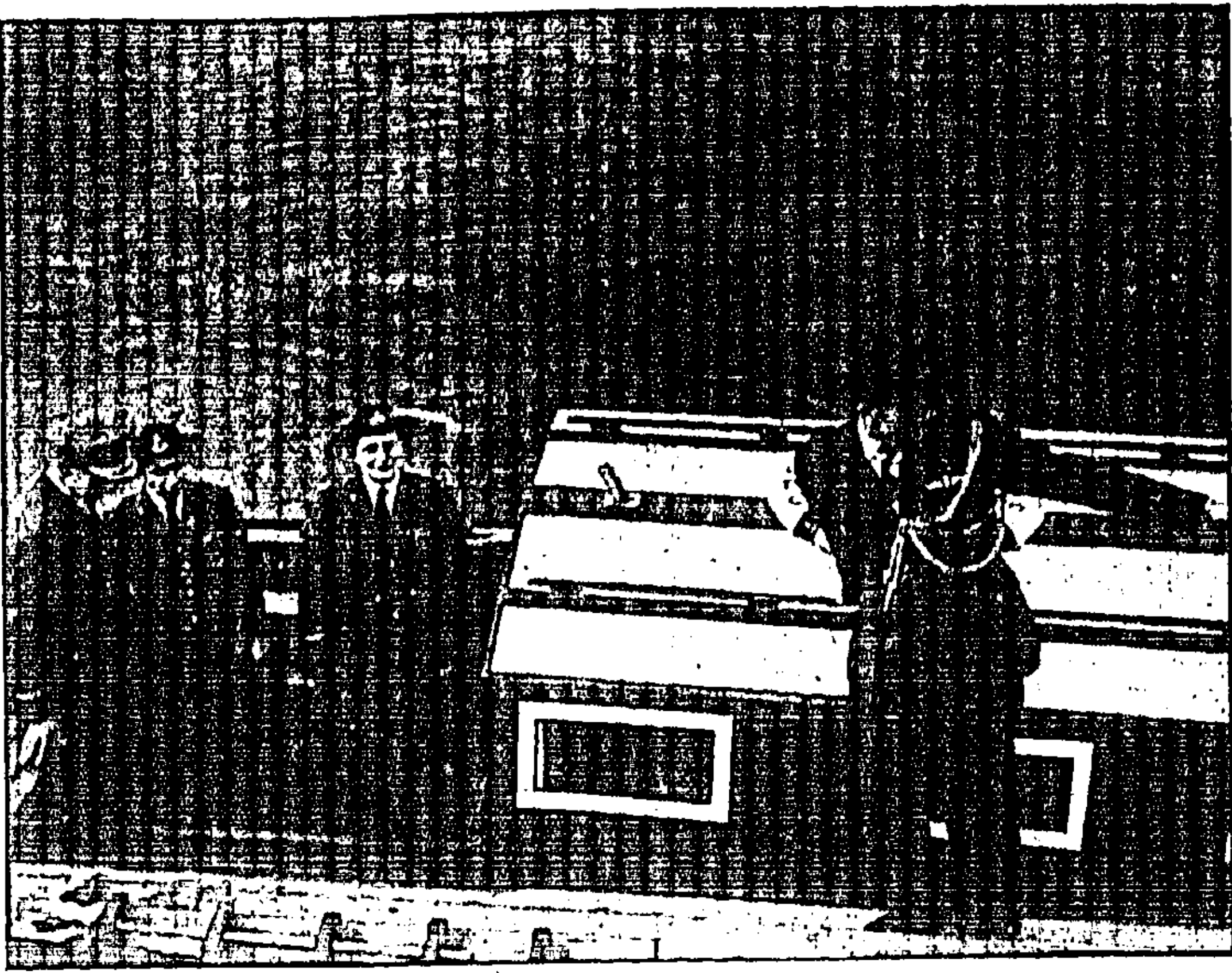
Provides year round ventilation

CALL IN FOR DEMONSTRATION OR PHONE 34181

GILMANS

SHOWROOM: GLOUCESTER ARCADE

GILMANS



ABOVE: Air Commodore Dame Alice Mary Williamson, Matron in Chief, Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service, says farewell to Hongkong on setting out from Queen's Pier for Kai Tak where she boarded an R.A.F. aircraft for Singapore.

★

RIGHT: Lady Black, wife of His Excellency the Governor, distributes rice, sugar and clothes to one of some 200 poor people at the Hindu Temple recently.



ABOVE: Two vehicular ferries, built for the Panang Port Commission, were launched at the Chooy Lee Shipyard this week. Mrs Inche Abdul Rahman Bin Haji Talib, wife of the Malayan Minister of Transport, is seen officiating at the ceremony.



ABOVE: The Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan and Mr J. J. Cowperthwaite talk to reporters at Kai Tak Airport on their return after representing the Colony at the recent ECAFE conference in Bangkok.

★ BELOW: Lt. Col. I. M. Cran presents a souvenir to Mrs Chestnutt, wife of Brigadier J. M. A. Chestnutt, after she had distributed the trophies at the Army squash finals at Victoria Barracks on Wednesday.



ABOVE: Mr Tim Brinton, Radio Hongkong's Senior Programme Assistant, (right), makes a speech of thanks at a farewell party held at Radio Hongkong's Concert Hall this week. Mr and Mrs Brinton are proceeding on leave prior to completion of his secondment for the BBC.

★

LEFT: Golfers taking part in the S.C.M. Post Open Championship were entertained at a cocktail party given by the Royal Hongkong Golf Club at Deep Water Bay last Friday. Pictured are Mr Angel Miguel, the world champion, (left) and Mr T. G. N. Pearce, Managing Director of the S.C.M. Post Ltd.

★

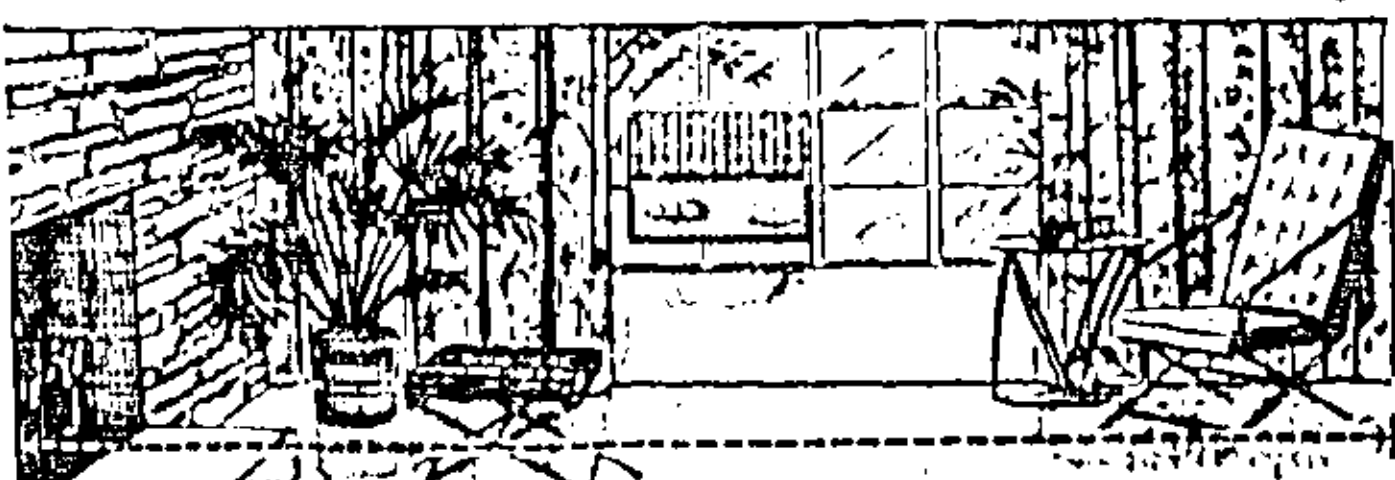
BELOW: Mr E.P. Morsell, manager of A.P.L., congratulates Mrs Tso Wong Po-lan — better known as Hongkong's "Old Mary" — on her 90th birthday, which was marked by a dinner given by her son, Mr Jimmy Tso (right).



ABOVE: An Australian family have "adopted" a young Hongkong nurse during the period of her training in Australia. She is a Miss Cheung Sheung-wan, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Cheung Su-tong, of 50 Fuk Lo Tsun Road. She is seen here on duty with a patient at the Sacred Heart Hospital in a suburb of Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

NEW! 1959
ADVANCE MODEL



WALL TO WALL COOLING OR HEATING

Westinghouse

Custom Supreme **REVERSE CYCLE**

AIR CONDITIONER

with "POWER SWEEP"

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse



Sole Agents:
DAVIE, BOAG & CO. LTD.
ALEXANDRA HOUSE TEL 31299



★ ★ ★
BELOW: The President of the Ceylon Association, Mr Albert Kirtisinghe, poses with the Association's committee during a dinner held at the India Club, King's Park, to mark Ceylon's Independence Day recently.



Special

Kung Hei Fat Choy
RUNNING BUFFET

SUNDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY
12 noon — 11 p.m.

ONLY \$12 a head.

at
THE GOLDEN PHOENIX
MANSON HOUSE

Fine Food
from the most superb kitchens
in the Far East.

★ ★ ★ PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT ★ ★ ★

Classic Long Sleeved Jumper

A RUSTIC THEME IS AT HOME EVEN IN A CITY SETTING

MATERIALS:

19 (20) 21 oz. Sirdar
Fountain Crepe.
1 pair each Nos. 11 and
12 needles, 2 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:

To fit 34 (36) 38 inch
bust.

Length: 22 (22½) 23
incl. sleeve seam: 18 ins. or
as required.

TENSION:

7 sts. and 10 rows to 1
inch over patt.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K—knit; p—purl; st. st.—
stocking st.; 1 row K, 1
row P; sts.—stitches; rep.—
repeat; tog.—together;
inc.—increase, by working
twice into one st.; dec.—
decrease by taking 2 sts. tog.;
latt.—latter; beg.—beginning;
R.S.F.—right side
facing; W.S.F.—wrong side
facing; ins.—inches.

NOTE:

When counting sts. on
R.S. of work, count each
double st. as 1 st.

Instructions are given in
3 sizes. First figures are
for 34 inch, second figures
in brackets () for 36, and
last ones for 38, inch bust.
Where one figure only is
given, this applies to all
sizes.

Back:

With No. 12 needles, cast on
110 (110) 110 sts. Work 6 rows
in st. st. Change to No. 11
needles and patt.

1st row: (R.S.F.) K.1, * put
needle between 1st and 2nd st.,
an left-hand needle, and k. a st.
then k. the 1st st. rep. from
* to last st., k.1.

2nd row: K.1, * p. 2 tog. rep.
from * to last st., k.1. Rep.
these 2 rows throughout.

Repeat patt. correct. Inc. at
both ends of 15th and every 14th
row following until there are
110 (110) 110 sts., ending with
a p. row. Work 4, (4) 12 rows,
as given, then dec.

SHAPE FOR ARMHOLES:

1st row: (R.S.F.) Cast off 4,
(4) 3 sts., patt. to last 5 (5) 6
sts., k. to end.



2nd row: Cast off 4, (5) 5 sts.,
patt. to end.

3rd row: K.2 tog., k.1, patt.
to last 3 sts., k.1, k.2 tog.

4th row: K.2 tog., k.1, k.2 tog.,
patt. to last 2 rows twice.

5th row: K.2 tog., patt. to
last 2 sts., k.2 tog.

10th row: K.1, * p. 2 tog. rep.
from * to last st., k.1. Rep.
last 2 rows until 86, (100)
106 sts. remain. Work straight
until armhole measures 7½ (9)
8½ ins.

SHAPE FOR SHOULDERS:

1st row: (R.S.F.) Cast off
9 (10) 11 sts., patt. to last
10 (11) 12 sts., k. to end.

2nd row: Cast off 9 (10) 11
sts., patt. to end. Rep. last 2

rows twice more. Cast off
the other side, reversing
shapings.

Front:

Work the same as for back up
to ** Divide for front opening.

1st row: K.2 tog., k.1, patt.
to last 4 (4) 5, k.1, k.2 tog.

2nd row: Working on the first set
of 47 (50) 54 sts. only.
Keeping patt. correct, dec. at
armhole edge on every row 3
times, then work straight at this
edge and AT THE SAME TIME,
dec. at neck edge on every 4th
row until 27 (30) 33 sts. remain.

Work straight until armhole
measures the same as on back.
Cast off, at armhole edge, 9
(10) 11 sts. 3 times. W.S.F.
rejoin wool to the remaining 47

SHAPE FOR TOP:

Work 6 rows as first 6 rows
of armhole shaping on back
(86 (92) 104 sts.). Dec. at
beg. of every row until 62 (62)
69 sts. remain. Cast off 2 sts.

(50) 54 sts. and work to match
the other side, reversing
shapings.

Sleeves:

Both alike.

With No. 12 needles, cast on
48 (50) 54 sts. Work 8 rows
st. st. Change to No. 11 needles
and work in patt. Inc. at both
ends of every 8th row 8 times
(64 (66) 70 sts.); of every 6th
row 11 (12) 12 times (86 (90) 94
sts.); every 4th row 5 times
(95 (100) 104 sts.). Work 6
rows, or more if needed.

Work 6 rows as first 6 rows
of armhole shaping on back
(86 (92) 104 sts.). Dec. at
beg. of every row until 62 (62)
69 sts. remain. Cast off 2 sts.

SHAPE FOR TOP:

Work 6 rows as first 6 rows
of armhole shaping on back
(86 (92) 104 sts.). Dec. at
beg. of every row until 62 (62)
69 sts. remain. Cast off 2 sts.

The Style Setters

Next week they'll cause a new uproar!

by ANNE EDWARDS

SOMEWHERE at this
very moment is an
unknown battering away,
perhaps at a new play in
the back streets of Derby
— a playwright John
Osborne once did.

Or working away in a
Victorian attic at Greenwich
at a new kind of painting—
as painter John Brabhy once
did.

Or sweating in some dark
little Paris workshop at a new
idea in dress—as Christian Dior
once did.

And one day soon the
Unknown will meet his V.I.P.
(Very Influential Person) who
is prepared to back his ideas—
a theatrical producer like
George Devine or an art con-
noisseur like Sir Colin Ander-
son, or a textile magnate like
Marcel Boussac.

And bingo, a new trend in
living, a new turn of thought,
a fresh approach to painting,
springing into the light to shock
you, intrigue you, and finally
enchant you.

So fresh

Today I report on some of
the Style Setters who are
shooting out fresh ideas.

Although many of them start
in the heart of London,
although many only a rich man
can afford, and many mount
extreme—I predict that they
will spark off in you a new

attitude to the dress you wear,
the picture you hang on your
wall, the wallpaper you choose
for your bathroom.

Her garden

My Jelloloo, pace-setting in
houses by making her sitting-
room look as if it was in the
middle of a garden. "It was
just an old Victorian room with
windows in the wrong place,"
she said.

"I knocked a side wall out
so that it could open on to a
roof garden, and put double
glass doors in instead."

"In the summer you draw
them back and room is part
of the garden."

"In the winter you keep
them closed, but the garden is
still part of the room, particu-
larly as I put mirrors all round
the room to reflect the garden."

Cecil Beaton reviving the
flogging taste for sentimental
Edwardiana—pointed strap
shoes, floating mauve chiffon
wicker-work furniture, gilded
palm, in his costumes for
"Clara" and "The Doctor's
Dilemma."

Cecil Beaton again, having
his pale red head features painted
in grisly style by nightmare
painter Francis Bacon.

Mr John Miller who has
built a house of double glass

near Headley entirely so that
he can see the view.

Peter Sellers, who along with
the Goons sets the style for
today's new democratic slang
—"Buddy Mate," "You are
a twisted boy," "He's
fallen in the wiper."

Anthony Denny, decoration
editor of Vogue, whose ideas
are being adopted by some of
the richest home owners... the
all-white room with white
marble floor, white rugs, white
chintz walls, walls covered in
fabric (check cottons specially
treated for kitchens and bath-
rooms), and fabrics that look
like wallpaper; the new trend
for cool colours, sludge, honey,
brown and white; the coming
trend for decorating ceilings.

Heleniella Marks, setting a
high style in new toys for
spelled ceilings—stereophonic
sound which can be used for
records, radio or tape-recorders.

Constance Cummings, blazing
a cheerful trail for beauties

over 40. She wears scarlet wool
tights with one of her husband's
pillowcases—and looks a treat.

And I'll tell you what will
happen next....

over 40. She wears scarlet wool
tights with one of her husband's
pillowcases—and looks a treat.

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happen next....

And I'll tell you what will
happen next....

And I'll tell you what will
happen next....

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Shabby or faded looking
leather chairs: lightly whip the
white of an egg and work in
evenly with the aid of a soft
cloth, over the leather.

Stained and grimy furniture:
wipe over with a solution of
methylated spirits and water.
Afterwards polish in the
usual way.

6 (8) 10 times; 4 sts. 6 times,
cast off remainder.

Neck Band:

With No. 12 needles, cast on 8
sts. Work in st. st. and cast on
rows. Inc. at beg. of every
row until there are 16 sts. P.1
row. Break wool, leave sts. on
needle. Work another similar
piece.

Next row: K.18, inc. in 1st
st. on 1st. piece 17.

2nd row: K.1, p.35, k.1.

3rd row: K.18, slip 1 purlwise,
k. to end. Rep. last 2 rows
until strip is long enough to go
round neck opening (as in
photograph) approx. 28 (29) 30
ins.

SHAPE END:

Next row: (R.S.F.) K.18,
turn work, finish this half first.
Dec. at beg. of every row until
there are 12 sts. Cast off 2 sts.
at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast
off with (R.S.F.) Join wool,
and work on last 19 sts. to
match other side.

To Make Up:

Press all parts lightly, under a
wet cloth, with a hot iron. Join
shoulder, side and sleeve seams;
set in sleeves. Turn back st. st.
parts of sleeve ends and front
and back, and slip st. down on
wrong side, press. Pin centre of
neck band to centre of back,
pin, and then tack, one edge of
band along shaped sides of front
to centre front opening, then
sew to jumper. Fold band in
half, and slip st. the other side
down on wrong side of work.
Neatly oversew, or work a row
of double crochet, round remain-
ing ends of band, press. Place
right hand over it, end, sew on
one button on the cross over,
and the other 2½ inches below.

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7

BORN today, you are highly sensitive and inclined to be impres-
sionable. You seem to know the true motivations of others and
are a fine analyst of character. You are able, at first
meeting, to judge an individual. Your likes and dislikes are
strong, but you keep your opinions to yourself until asked for
them. You also have a keen social consciousness but may sug-
gest your crusading under the guise of fiction. Something of a
reformer at heart, you know how to present your case for popular
consumption.

You have a social nature and are quite gregarious. Nothing
pleases you more than having a whole crowd of people around
with whom you can converse—even argue. You also have a touch
of gypsy-foot and in youth may want to keep moving from one
place to another. New experiences, you believe, are necessary
for you. When you wed, be sure to select some one who enjoys
the same sort of a life or one who can be trouble ahead.

You have the artistic temperament which goes along with
talent and are inclined to be moody. If you find a bit of melan-
cholia coming on, make a quick change of pace. No matter what
you're doing, do something different! The change will do you a
lot of good. For example, if you are studying too hard, physical
exercise often will turn your mood from a sad to a glad one.

Among those born on this date are: Oscar, Gabriell, witch,
pianist; Charles Dickens, Sinclair Lewis and Pierre Van Passen,
author; George Palmer Putnam, editor and publisher.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select
your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let
your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

Probably best for you to relax
tensions today. Seek spiritual
guidance on a problem.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

Romance is apt to be a little
unsettled. You loved one
could prove a little unreason-
able.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)

If you want to get somewhere
in a hurry, fling there and back
is the best way.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)

Good counsel this morning,
might help you solve a personal
problem satisfactorily.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)

Don't let a sad story press you
into making an undesirable loan,
even to a relative, today.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)

An afternoon lecture could
prove instructive as well as
pleasantly entertaining.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)

Your best day of the week, so
plan to enjoy yourself thorough-
ly with family and friends.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

An original idea could prove
valuable today. Develop it at
once, put it into action.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

A really fine day for romance.
You might make or receive a
proposal.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)

A friendly debate on a topic of
general interest might bring out
important facts.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)

Change is in the air and
it might prove just the thing
for you today. Accept it.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 23)

If you are an avid "do-it-
yourself-er," then this might be
a good time to fix the radio.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

Your hopes may now be more
fully realised, especially in re-
gard to children's affairs.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

Changes can affect both home
and business affairs. If
travelling, exert due caution.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)

Be on guard against an unex-
pected change in your affairs.
Avoid risk-taking.

WE found it difficult to
believe what we saw
at a recent home
furnishings show. Every
one of the principal settings
featured the living-in-the-
country theme, even those
intended for the real case-
hardened city slicker!

In the midst of central heat-
ing systems and air condition-
ing, there were various old-
fashioned stores, looking per-
fectly at home in their pseudo-
city surroundings! Milk stools,
old-type lamps, chintzes and
furniture with a distinctly coun-
try air dominated the settings,
all of which were mighty hand-
some and rich in ideas.

One of the most attractive was
a living room for a city apart-
ment in which a sophisticated
effect was cleverly devised out
of a rustic theme. The sofa was
upholstered with fake fur and
an old-fashioned iron stove
dominated one wall. The walls
were of weathered boards, but
brass strips between the boards
not only gave height to the
room but added elegance.

In a dining corner, Bleier-
meyer chairs, lacquered in red,
were set against a handsome
brass and wood wall. At the
windows were felt tie-back
draperies.

Fur, frankly fake as well as
the real thing, was used in many
settings.

One designer took inspiration
from a pre-revolutionary quilt
for the vinyl flooring in the
dining section of his living room.
On the other side of the room,
he used the quilting pattern
for a handsome area rug.

—ELEANOR ROSS

Wool jersey turbans in skillful
colour combinations of several
shades.

For Spring, however, the
leading designers are contin-
uing the "wool-goes-to-the-head"
theme, but in very lightweight
wool and extremely arresting
shapes. Perhaps the have been
influenced by the current space-
and-moon travel, for many of
the newest styles climb ex-
tremely high and are often
balloon like. For the woman
who needs a few extra inches
they will certainly prove a
blessing.

Those who have the courage
and ability may want to copy
these hats as closely as possible.
Falling that—and more's the
pity—you can start with a
moderated version and, liberally
and otherwise, work your way
up.

Italian women have been
completely captivated by wool
hats during the past season.
These have been most varied:
wigs, wool boucle caps, small
padded tweed cloche shapes
which fit almost anyone, and

Hats are extremely important

in relation to the simplicity of
the current fashion lines, but a
new and perhaps daring hat
can also be the complete saving
of an outfit several seasons
old.

ON the Continent most women are handy with their
knitting needles and crochet hooks, and the majority
of them make up their own patterns. These arts, plus
oddments of wool, have produced much attractive head-
wear at small cost.

The secret of sophistication
often lies in an exciting hat. In
Italy this Spring, women will
go high hat! The young girl
may think that she gets by with
a wind-ruffled hair-do, but
that's only until she meets the
smilingly baffled woman. Therein
is much of the difference be-
tween the experimenting teen-
agers and the initiated twenties
—and later.

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Those who have the courage
and ability may want to copy
these hats as closely as possible.
Falling that—and more's

Roderick Mann

There's nothing like a BOMB

says Hitchcock



HERE'S THE LATEST of the Crosby clan to enter show business—black-haired Cathy, daughter of Bob, niece of Bing. She has a singing role in THE BEAT GENERATION.

IN a chair in a room in an upstairs suite in a London hotel a small, rotund man sat talking to me about bombs.

It was early afternoon. The roar of London's traffic far below was muted by heavy drapes. There was nothing to disturb us.

The rotund man, who looked more like a successful family butcher than a celebrated film director, was enjoying himself.

Alfred Hitchcock, I may tell you, has an affection for bombs which borders on a fixation.

THE CARDINAL RULE

He sat there, his letter-box girth encased in a neat dark-blue suit, snuffing into a handkerchief and chuckling to himself.

"Yes," he said, sighing contentedly, there's really nothing like a good 'bomb' for scaring people."

He wagged an admonishing finger at me.

"However," he said severely, "one must never allow it to go off. Never."

That is a cardinal rule.

There is no terror in the actual bang, only in the anticipation of it. I learned

that the hard way."

He waited for me to ask him how was that—so I asked him how was that?

"I once made a film in which a small boy was carrying a bomb across London," he said. "He didn't know he was carrying it—but the audience did."

"They knew, too, that it was timed to go off at 1 o'clock. I showed the boy being delayed in various ways—by the Lord Mayor's Show and that sort of thing—and then just before the bomb was due to go off I showed him riding on a bus. Lots of suspense."

"What happened then?"

"At three minutes past one," said Hitchcock, with what can only be described as a leer,

REPORTS A DISCOURSE BY THE MASTER OF SUSPENSE



The Hitchcock rule
—It mustn't go off.

"I blew them all up—bus, boy, and passengers. What a business. They never forgave me for that. One critic nearly hit me. I learned my lessons."

FOR INSTANCE....

Fifty-eight-year-old Hitchcock who recently lived up a snug-looking littled of passengers at his hotel, by muttering to a friend: "I didn't think one shot would cause so much blood. It was all over the place"—learned other lessons too.

"Logic," he said, snuffing again. "Is dull. None of my plots hold together logically. But if I stop to explain everything, there is no mystery. Look at some of my films. Ridiculous. For instance, in *The Lady Vanishes*, we had a trainful of villains out to kidnap an old lady who carried a secret message which she played on the piano. How absurd. Why didn't they use a carrier pigeon? It just didn't bear investigation—but it made a successful film."

"By that token," I said, "mystery writers should be useless for your pictures."

"They are," said Hitchcock sternly. "I hired Raymond Chandler for one of my films but it was no good. He was too preoccupied with logic."

ONE MISTAKE

"What about John Buchan—who wrote *The 39 Steps*—one of your earliest successes?"

"When I filmed it with Robert Donat," said Hitchcock, "I completely changed it from the original book."

"Happily John Buchan admitted later that my version was more exciting than his. There was only one trouble—by an oversight we left out any reference to the steps. So we had to write in a few steps later."

He chuckled. "I thought of showing 39 spies each arriving with his own step, but that became too involved."

'A MYSTERY'

"I'm told," I said, "that you regard most actors as accessories to the plot and nothing more. Is that true?"

"Well," said Hitchcock, "the right star can help a film at the box-office, but he can't make it a better film."

"However, a good director can get a performance out of almost anyone—even someone like Kim Novak, although maybe that's going a little far. She is one of the great mysteries of show business. I used her in *Vertigo*."

"What about Grace Kelly—whom you discovered?"

"Well," said Hitchcock, "she seems a cold fish, but I managed to make her look sexy in *To Catch a Thief*. I was rather proud of that. Not bad for someone who's been married 33 years and never gone out with another woman."

IN TERROR

He snuffed into his handkerchief again, and looked at me rather sadly with near-wet eyes.

"I try new techniques in terror with every picture I do," he said. "The creaking door and dark-alley stuff have never appealed to me much."

"In my new film *North by Northwest* I've got terror into a scene in which you can't see a thing for miles around."

"Ray Grant gets off a bus in a deserted part of country. He's been hurt there by a trap—but only the audience knows this. Presently a car comes

BARDOT AND KAYE

A CUTE IDEA, SAYS DANNY

NOW we present producer Raoul Levy's big gamble to salvage "Paris by Night"—the picture which was to have starred hip-slinger Brigitte Bardot and Frank Sinatra.

Levy, who saw his fiery formula fizzle last November when Sinatra backed out of the picture, snapping that the public would be sick of Miss Bardot by the time the film was made, is now wooing Danny Kaye to take over the role.

In London recently, Kaye said frankly: "Certainly Levy wants to team Bardot and me. The casting is kinda interesting, don't you think? Bardot and Kaye. It should arouse the curiosity of the public."

FRANKIE VAUGHAN, after three years as Britain's top pop-singing star, is planning to change his name—for his Continental fans.

For Frankie, known as one of the most considerate stars in show business, thinks Vaughan is much too tough for the Germans to get their Teutonic tongues around. Says he sadly: "It comes out Vaughan."

So, on the Continent, Frankie Vaughan is likely to become France Vorn.

★ ★ ★

SONG-AND DANCE man

Dan Dailey is making his first series of half-hour TV films—39 adventure episodes based on "The Four Just Men"—at Walton-on-Thames. Has he forsaken song-and-dance? Says Dailey: "Movie musicals come in cycles. At the moment there aren't any. Even Astaire's making a straight picture and he's over 60. I'm a song-and-dance man. Never out of work. If this series work out I can always go and do a cabaret."

"The three of us had a long talk in Paris. I found her a very interesting woman, of course. If it works out it will start at the end of the year, probably in Europe."

But Kaye, who is not such a clown in the business stakes, added cautiously: "But 'Paris by Night'—frankly, I don't know that I'm THAT keen."

"You understand the script was written for Bardot and Frank Sinatra. I don't know a lot about it really. But I believe it would need considerable re-writing if I play it."

"I'm no Sinatra, you know. The way I see it, it would be cheaper and better to start again. But Bardot and Kaye! I like that. Cute, isn't it?"

FOOTNOTE: Mr. Hitchcock, who rarely goes to the cinema, confesses that he never reads thrillers. His current reading? *The Life of King George VI*. London Express Service.

Mr. Shaffer lands a blow for the rich...

PETER SHAFFER, winner of the Evening Standard award for the most promising new playwright of 1958, is a young writer of the benign rather than malignant sort.

Unlike the 1956 winner of the same award, John Osborne, he is not using the world as his personal punching bag.

Compared with Mr Osborne's vicious jabs, malevolent uppercuts and eye-opening lefts, Mr Shaffer's dramatic technique is closer to Ju-Jitsu.

Gentle

His prize-winning play, *Five Finger Exercise* opens as innocently as a caress but very soon has the audience in a gentle half-Nelson. He doesn't hurt you, but, all the same, you cannot escape.

These somewhat more gentle tricks of holding an audience are appropriate to the man. His is not the kind of background that produces a snarling rebel, genius that consists of an infinite capacity for inflicting pain.

He belongs not much to the Beat Generation as to the Beat-up Generation. The subtly observed characters in *Five Finger Exercise* are all people in pain; and they lash out not at society, but at each other. His people are the over-privileged and theirs is a tragedy with all mod. cons.

Mr Shaffer has proved once and for all that the rich have as much right to unhappiness as the poor.

There is a surface conventionality about his play which angers the angrier: the drawing-

...they have as much right to unhappiness as the poor

room setting, the french windows leading off, the daughter in jodhpurs. This is where we walked out, one might justifiably think, recalling the innumerable dreary plays with similar settings.

But Mr Shaffer keeps us in our seats because he rapidly peels away the conventional exteriors of these people and gets to their somewhat defective hearts.

That the 32-year-old, bespectacled and rather intellectual-looking Mr Shaffer should have chosen this particular milieu is perfectly natural: it is what he knows about.

Unlike Mr Osborne he has never known poverty, or the sting of rejection. His people are in the real estate business and own blocks of flats around London. Mr Shaffer has not had enough failure in his past to get the acid flowing in his system.

No quarrels

At the age of 21 he had his first novel published, a detective story, *How Doth the Little Crocodile?* He followed it with two more: *Woman in a Wardrobe* and *Withered Murder*. These books had a reasonable success, particularly in America.

For a while he lived in New York, working in a public library and then in a bookshop. Though at one time he earned only 35 dollars a week, he could always, at a pinch, go home.

In these circumstances it is understandable that Mr Shaffer has no violent quarrel with society. He admits: "I have voted Labour twice and I have voted Conservative twice," and that he is now a Liberal.

Before writing *Five Finger Exercise* he had two plays done

BY THOMAS WISEMAN



PETER SHAFFER... he keeps us in our seats.

on television, one of them serious, the other a spy melodrama written as a pot-boiler.

"I believe," says Mr Shaffer, "that it is better to write something than nothing. And if you don't have anything particular to say there is no disgrace in writing a straightforward entertainment. That way you prevent the machinery from getting rusty, and you improve your technique."

This reasonable, liberal attitude is reflected also in his attitude to other contemporary writers. Osborne, when he started, was contemptuous of practically every other English writer.

Mr Shaffer, by contrast, admires Osborne, Samuel Beckett, some of Rattigan, the

early plays of Coward, and details very little. He calls himself a "cautious optimist." He is non-political because he believes that "the complexity of life is such that any form of political dogma does a violent injustice to it."

The danger

Though *Five Finger Exercise* is now earning him £170 a week, there is little likelihood that success will dramatically alter his life. He has for some time lived very comfortably in Earl's Terrace, Kensington, and the rich life has never had, for him, the allure of the unattainable. He has been sufficiently close to it not to be unduly impressed.

"Of course," he admits, "success has its dangers. The moment you can pay other people to do the less agreeable chores for you you are to some extent cutting yourself off from life."

"I believe very strongly in the need for writers to buy their own potatoes at the greengrocers. I am sure that high-living is death to the creative writer. Mind you, I don't believe in the inspiration value of starvation either."

"I write out of tension, and to some extent writing eases the tension. But you've got to have the tensions in the first place. So tranquillity isn't a very good thing."

With his remarkable capacity for seeing how people devour each other emotionally, Mr Shaffer is in no particular danger of becoming too tranquil. (London Express Service).



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Marquand melts on Broadway

WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW. By John P. Marquand. Collins, 16s.

THE theatre, as a subject seems to have a disastrously sentimental effect on most novelists, as it has had, in this case, on Mr Marquand.

His study of the life and loves of a successful Broadway dramatist is much more than a study of the life and loves of a successful Broadway dramatist. The famous Marquand penny which called his earlier novels has vanished without trace.

In its stead there is a "whimsical humour which is even more than a study of the life and loves of a successful Broadway dramatist. The famous Marquand penny which called his earlier novels has vanished without trace.

Going back

When we first meet Thomas Harrow it is in the replica period house he has fashioned for himself and his unappreciative third wife in the New England town he was brought up in.

He is going back to his roots. His career had been one of unbroken success and ceaseless flattery ever since his first play as a young man had run for two years. Now suddenly he has staked all his life savings on a musical about The Three Musketeers, and has lost the lot.

This disaster prompts him to turn over innumerable memories from his not very eventful life, to remember theatrical first nights and bridal first nights, theatrical squabbles and marital squabbles.

Above all, he remembers his first wife Rhona, the small-town girl he married just before his first success, and who, even then, was more interested in what he made than in what he did, and left him for a sounder proposition.

At the end of this long look back he comes to the conclusion that he has been bad at managing life and women, and is perhaps only a mediocre playwright after all (which by now we are quite ready to believe). And he almost—but not quite—drives himself over a cliff.

It is all rather silly and whimsical, but since Mr Marquand knows as much about writing novels as anyone in the business, it is skilfully organised and compulsively readable.

By RICHARD LISTER
(London Express Service).

ROBERT PITMAN'S BOOK PAGE

The strange case of a Judge

GRIEF COSTS HIM ONE FAME AND GIVES HIM ANOTHER

I DROVE past Wornwood Scrubs into the wilderness of railway lines and grey slate roofs which Londoners call Willesden. There in a drab, chill public hall I ended my quest for one of Britain's most successful authors.

On the author's head was a thick mouse-coloured wig. Above it, the royal coat of arms hung from a water pipe. An unusual setting for an author. But then this was an unusual author. He was His Honour Judge Henry Cecil Leon. Smoothly, he was presiding over the payment of debtors and Rent Act claimants at Willesden County Court.

Around me on the court's wooden benches, tense folk shuffled their feet in the cold. Nervous, defiant, like starlets before an audition, they waited for the cases in which they were involved.

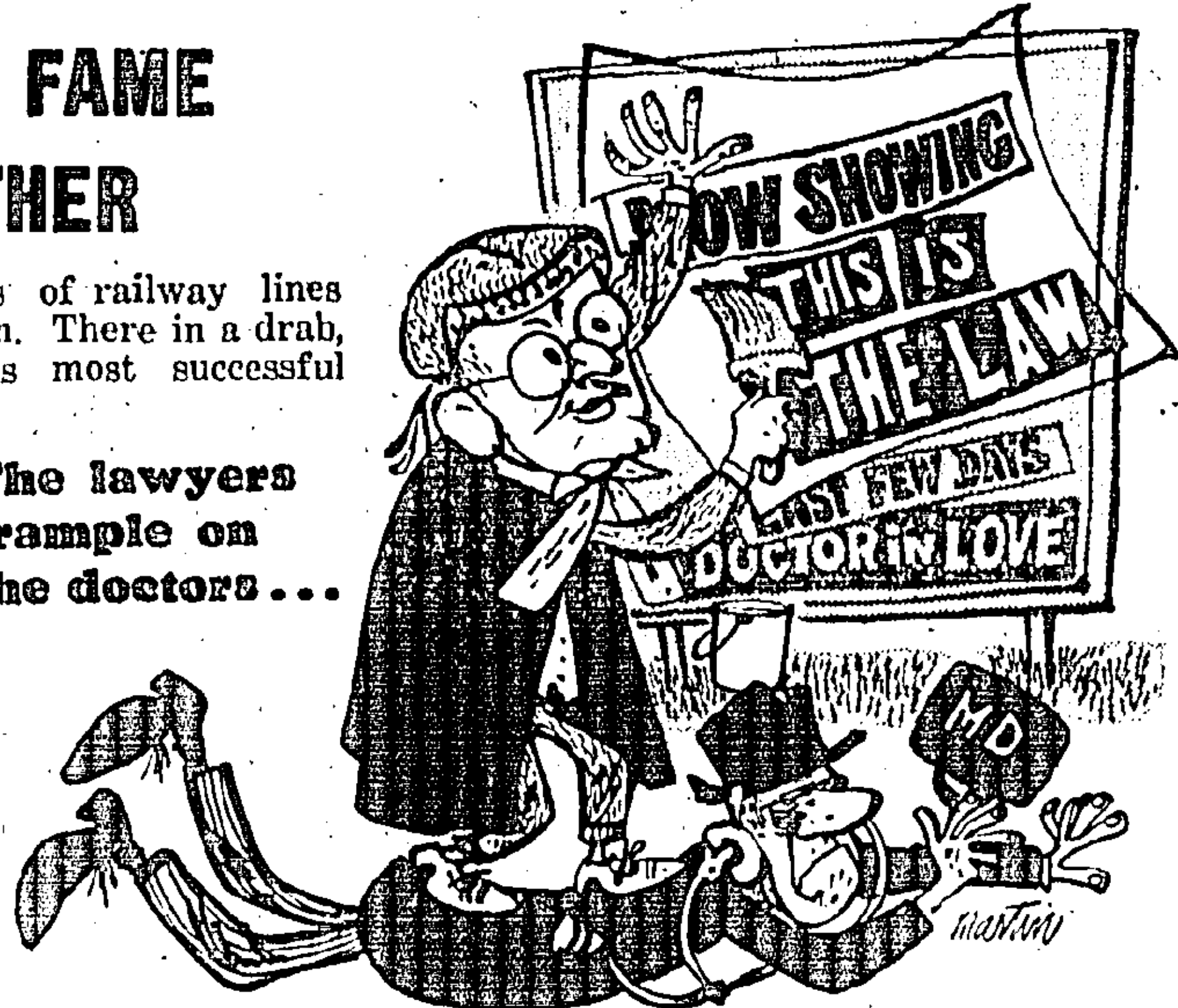
But the case that interested me was different from the rest.

It was the case of Judge Leon himself.

In barely ten years, under the pen-name of Henry Cecil, Judge Leon had produced a revolution in the book world. He has virtually ousted the doctor as the ready-made hero of popular fiction. In place of medicine Henry Cecil has firmly put the law.

In films and television Leon has also stamped his mark. His best-seller **BROTHERS IN LAW** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) did well at the box office. His mystery novel **NO BAIL FOR THE JUDGE** (now edition April 1959, 6d.) which has brought Hitchcock sniffing for film atmosphere in London, will do even better.

The lawyers trample on the doctors...



But how has he found the inspiration in the acid atmosphere of petty civil claims which fills a county court? In that draughty hall in Willesden I watched Leon dispensing justice. He was kind and courteous. Chairs were brought forward for every witness. The defendants might have been Judge Leon's personal guests.

Then a remarkable procession entered the court. An old man, bent almost double, was led forward. He was blind, lame, deaf. His age was 82.

Elaborately the old man's counsel explained why, under the Rent Act, he should be allowed to stay on in his Golders Green flat. He had only his old-age pension and a small private income. His son, who looked after him, had been out of work because of bad health.

SO COURTEOUS

But the judge surprised me. He did not seem so sympathetic as I had expected. In the witness-box the old man's son told how the flat had a certificate of disrepair: how the floor-boards were rotting and the walls ran with damp.

But the judge was not moved. He asked: "How does your father act his private income? What is his capital?"

At first the son said he did not know. But at last some of the facts came out. The pathetic old man had at least £20,000 invested plus factory premises which he let at £250 a year.

Judge Leon became his courteous self once more. But there was a glint of fun behind his spectacles. And I could see why.

For think what a picture had been conjured up. Think of the bent old man and his son living in their damp, dilapidated flat with share certificates for £9,000 and the deeds of a factory tucked away in a drawer.

Ten minutes in a county court had produced material worthy of Dickens, let alone of the genial and talented Henry Cecil.

Is there a colour bar in books?

WOULD you say that a colour-bar was exercised by intellectual people in Britain?

Just the reverse, you might reply. Why, there are intellectuals who will let Dr Nkrumah get away with the kind of oppression which would set them seething if it occurred in South Africa.

Yet here is an odd thing. Recently a novel called **THE HIT**, by Negro author Julian Mayfield, was published (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.).

It is the story of a middle-aged Harlem Negro whose whole life is built around the dream of making a big money out of the betting system which New York calls "the Numbers Game."

The man's Negro neighbours, his tough wife, his amorous son, are described not as counter-not as oppressed heroes, but as ordinary people with ordinary passions. The result is a tense and interesting novel.

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I urge China Mail readers who enjoy a well-told tale to prove them wrong.

VIVID

RAPE OF THE FAIR COUNTRY, by Alexander Cordell: This novel about the rugged lusty Mortymers—a family of workers in the South Wales ironfields 120 years ago—has been compared with that pre-war best-seller *How Green Was My Valley*. I would rate it higher. Its writing has such fire that it hardly reads like history fiction at all.

It brings to vivid life all those bleak illustrations of misery among the nineteenth-century poor that are found in the history books. It pulses with pathos and laughter. According to the publishers, Anoulin Ewen recommends it. So do I. (Collins, 16s.)

(London Express Service).

HERE'S A SCROUNGER YOU'LL PITY

THE UNSPEAKABLE SKIPTON. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Macmillan, 15s.

TRUE comedy—as opposed to the merely funny—always has, it has been said, a sadness at its core. If this is so, Miss Hansford Johnson has, in this study of an artist with a split personality, written a true comedy.

Her Daniel Skipton is based on a real-life character, Frederick Rolfe, who called himself Baron Corvo, and believed himself a genius.

Daniel Skipton is in one side of his personality a wholly dedicated writer content only with absolute perfection in his craft, and who would sacrifice anything, his health, his life even, to get just one sentence exactly right.

The severe side of his perfectionism as an artist is his unscrupulousness as a man. He

by
Richard Lister

most live in his beloved Bruges, city of canals and canals, and in order to scrape along there, even in staid poverty, he is prepared to swindle, cheat, borrow from, or even pimp for, any suckers who come his way.

But it is all done with such a high and mighty air, and at such a cost to his inordinate pride, that we find ourselves pitying and admiring more than despising him.

And Miss Hansford Johnson's triumph is to engage our sympathy for this impossible man, without even the slightest attempt to whitewash him.

His victims are some tourists to the city, a highly intense

lady dramatist and her entourage.

They are marked down, pursued, studied and then systematically "touched" for small loans, odd meals, and in one of the funnier scenes in the book, the commission for a visit to a brothel.

Skipton determines to make them pay also for the humiliations he has suffered over them, and allows himself, on their last day, the luxury of telling them in public exactly what he thinks of them.

It is a fatal mistake which costs him every single franc he has managed to squeeze out of them, and leave him as poverty-stricken as when they arrived.

Skipton's story, at once ridiculous and sad, is told with immense high spirits, with considerable ingenuity in the plotting, and with a delightful feeling for its Belgian setting.

(London Express Service).

For note that novel's intriguing theme. Its hero is a judge who gets stunned in a street accident and wakes up in a room he has never seen before. Unfortunately for the judge the room's owner is not only a prostitute, but also happens to be lying murdered.

Some reviewers called the plot far-fetched. How, they asked, could a judge get into a scrape? But the truth is that fear of even the most innocent sort of trouble obsesses Leon. A barrister friend told me: "He's no teetotaler. But now he's a judge he refuses to go inside a pub because of the mere chance of some fight or argument breaking out."

A BRISK BOOK

Leon has not confined himself to funny books and thrillers. Last autumn he published **BRIEF TO COUNSEL** (12s. 6d.). It had a preface by Mr Justice Devlin. It was a brisk book of instruction for apprentice barristers.

Sample: "Few members of the public know what a leading question is, and a substantial

number of legal practitioners have an incorrect notion of its meaning. You often hear people parry difficult questions in ordinary conversation by calling them—quite wrongly—leading questions."

SNAPPED UP

"Are you going to marry the girl?"

"Ah, that's a leading question."

"Well, it isn't."

Leon explains that a leading question is one which puts the evidence into the witness's mouth. He gives these instances:

Was your marriage a happy one?—No.

Was that because your husband beat you?—Yes.

If you asked him where he had been did he hit you?—Yes.

Hard?—Yes.

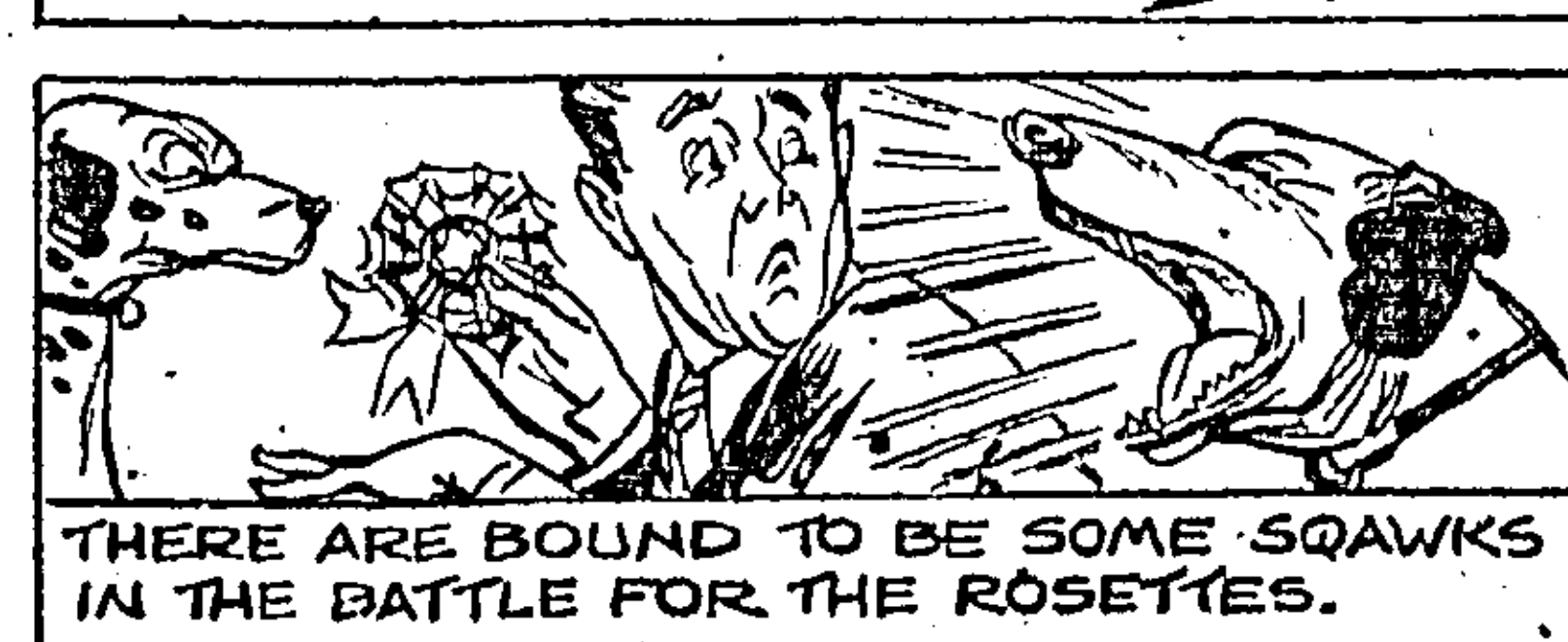
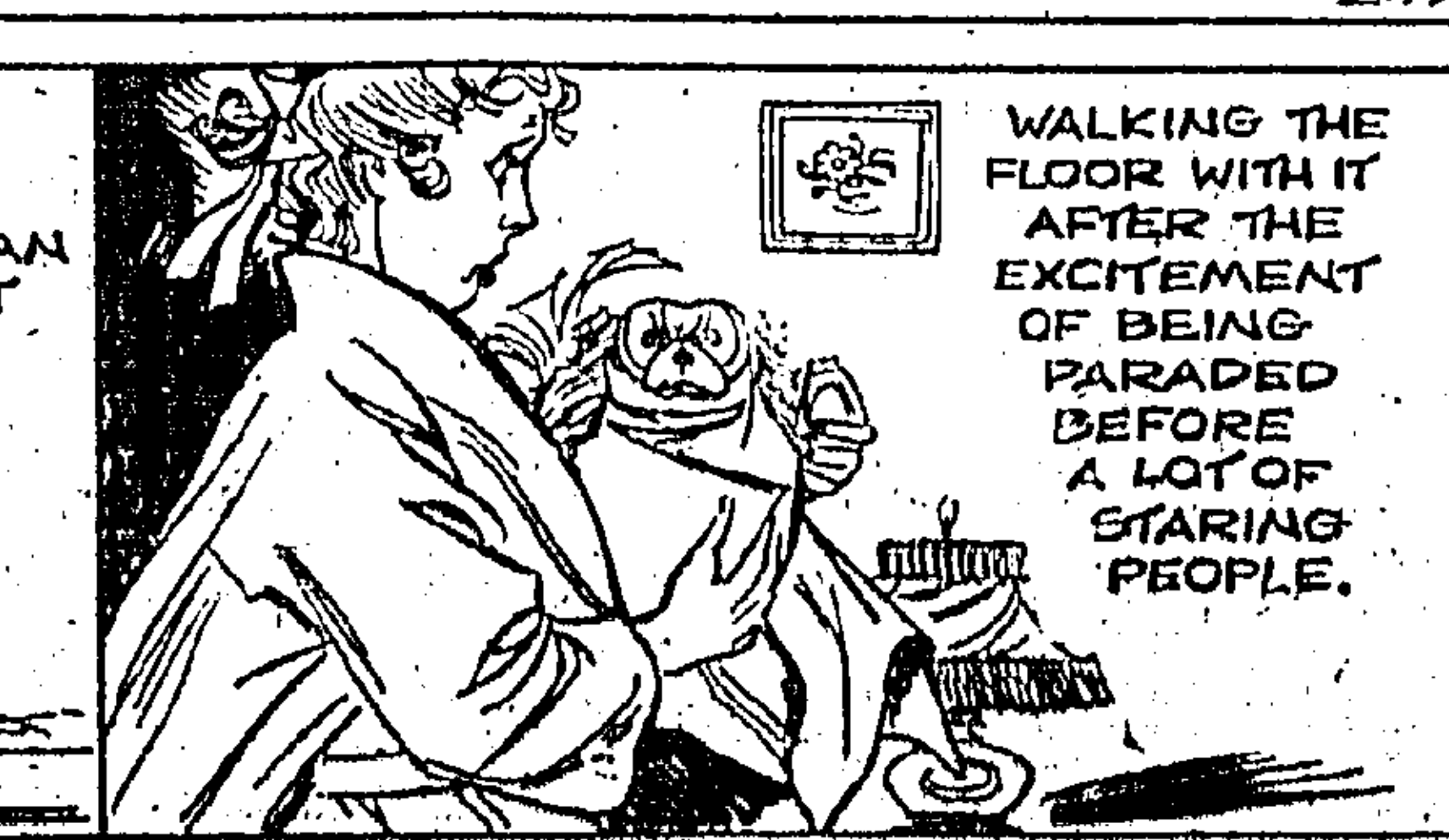
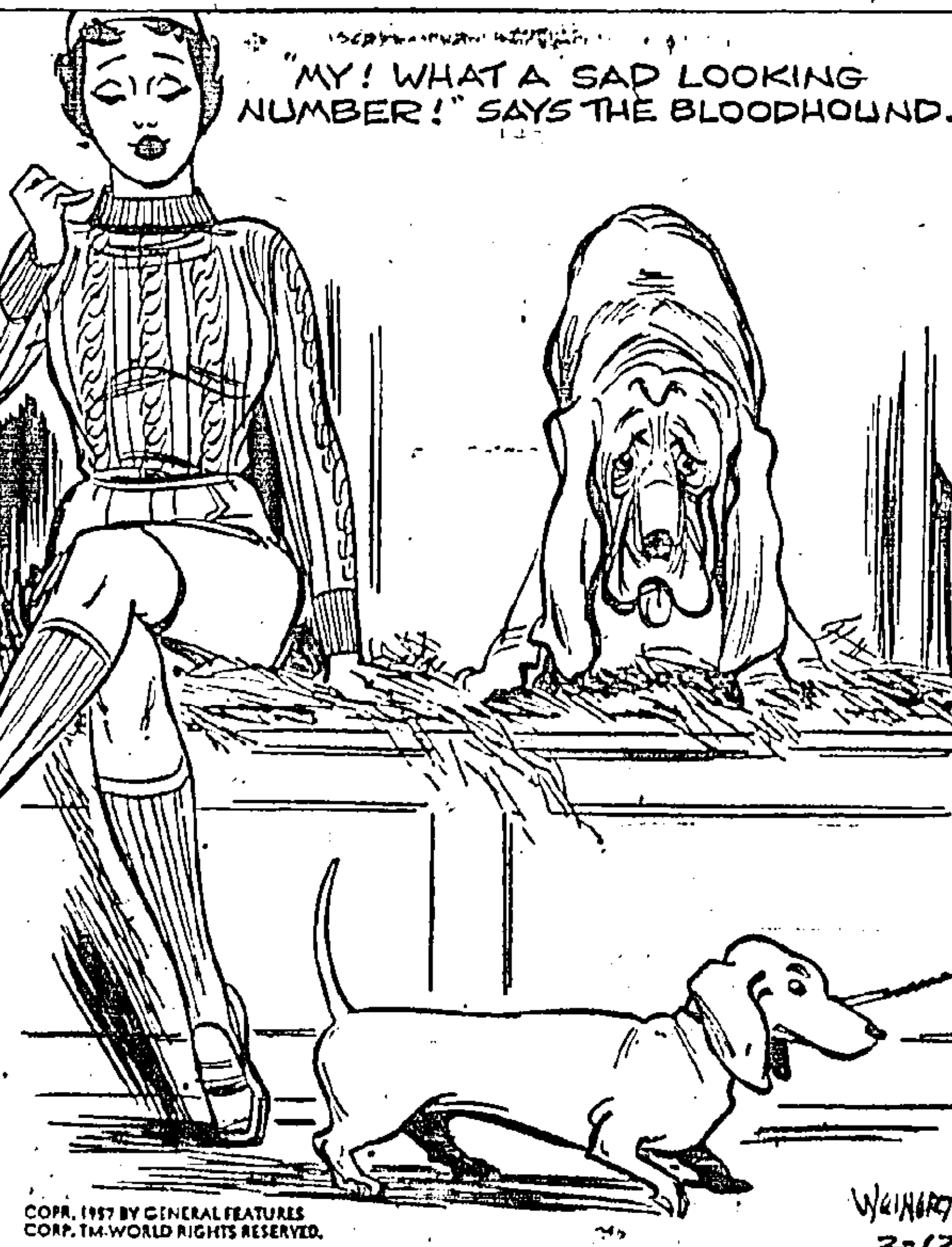
Comments Leon: "Evidence obtained in that way is obviously unsatisfactory."

Brief to Counsel, you see, was not directed at the general reader. But the general reader has snapped it up. Since September it has been reprinted three times.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

The Dog Show

BY HARRY WEINERT



WOULD you say that a colour-bar was exercised by intellectual people in Britain?

Just the reverse, you might reply. Why, there are intellectuals who will let Dr Nkrumah get away with the kind of oppression which would set them seething if it occurred in South Africa.

Yet here is an odd thing. Recently a novel called **THE HIT**, by Negro author Julian Mayfield, was published (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.).

It is the story of a middle-aged Harlem Negro whose whole life is built around the dream of making a big money out of the betting system which New York calls "the Numbers Game."

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(London Express Service).

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

(Broadcasting on a frequency
800 kilocycles per second.)

Today

- 12.30 p.m. ROMANCE IN MUSIC
AND SONG.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 TIME SIGNAL.
1.45 NEWS & SPECIAL AN-
NOUNCEMENTS.
2.00 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
Radio Orchestra conducted by
Carmen Rogers.
2.15 THE BIG STILL.
Presented by Bill Howard.
3.00 THE BIG STILL.
A Radio Play by Rudolph
Wilkinson. Part 1: Some Mar-
der.
3.30 WE RING FOR YOU.
Lita Roza & David Whitfield.
4.00 MUSIC FOR THE YEAR.
Accompanied by the Radio
Orchestra.
4.15 SCOTTISH DANCE MUSIC.
Jimmy Shand & His Orchestra.
4.45 CARMEN CAVALLARO
(PIANO) AND ORCHESTRA.
Presented by Audrey Collins.
5.00 UNITED REQUESTS.
40th Field Regiment Royal
Artillery.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL.
EDMUNDO ROS & HIS OR-
CHESTRA.
A Programme of Latin Ameri-
can Music.
6.30 CASTAWAYS CHOICE.
Presented by Ted Thomas.
This week's castaways: Harry
Dodd.
6.58 WEATHER REPORT.
7.00 TIME SIGNAL.
7.15 THE NEWS.
7.30 COMMENTARY.
7.45 NEWS & INTERVIEWS.
Some of the week's events in
and out of Hongkong, compiled
by Timothy Birch.
7.55 VINTAGE COONS.
The Great Bank of England
Robbery.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
WITH DENISE HENRY.
8.30 WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 THE NEWS.
NEWS & HOME NEWS FROM
BRITAIN.
9.15 INVITATION TO MUSIC.
Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini
Op. 43 (Tchaikovsky). The Phil-
harmonia Orchestra, conducted by
Serge Koussevitzky. Op. 29
No. 1 (Sarasate). The Philhar-
monia Orchestra, conducted by
(Violin) with Lady Fortescue
(Piano).
9.45 THE SATURDAY STORY.
"A Girl Looked On" by H. J.
Jacob. Read by Ted Thomas.
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL.
10.15 OUT AND ABOUT.
Music from the Hongkong Room
Singing House.
10.45 LATE NIGHT FINAL.
Presented by Nick Kinnell.
11.25 WEATHER REPORT.
11.30 RUGBY UNION FOOTBALL.
Scotland v. Wales.
Commentaries by Bill McLaren and
G. V. Wynne-Jones on the second
half of the International Match at
Murrayfield. Summary by Jack
Wynne.
12.00 midnight. CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

- 8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
WEATHER REPORT & PRO-
GRAMME PARADE.
8.10 NEWS & INTERVIEWS.
8.30 MORNING MELBOY.
Frank Crook and his or-
chestra.
8.58 WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL.
THE NEWS, SPECIAL AN-
NOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS
ROUND-UP.
9.15 RECORD ROUND ABOUT.
ORCHESTRA OF THE WEEK.
Le Clara-Soleil Harmonie Or-
chestra. Conducted by Fernand
Lefebvre. The Man From The
Sea (The Three Men). Eric
Coelho. The London Symphony Or-
chestra, conducted by Bernard
Previn. Celebration of Masses
Frederic Massenet. The London
Symphony Orchestra. Con-
ductor: Sir A. Durrant.
11.00 noon. THE ROGER WAGNER
CHORAL.
12.30 p.m. THE CAPTAIN.
Maurice Leavelle, Arthur Pateman
& Bill Howard. Chairman:
Timothy Birch.
1.00 JESSE CRAWFORD AT THE
ORGAN.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 TIME SIGNAL.
NEWS & SPECIAL AN-
NOUNCEMENTS.
1.45 THE AFTERNOON CONCERT.
Jubilee Overture, Op. 59 (Weber).
The Minneapolis Symphony Or-
chestra. Conductor: Dimitri Mitro-
poulos. Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme
Op. 40 (Lully). The Berlin Phil-
harmonia Orchestra, conducted by
Ferdinand Lefebvre. The Man From The
Sea (The Three Men). Eric
Coelho. The London Symphony Or-
chestra, conducted by Charles Mackerras.
2.30 GORDON MACRAE.
Sings Operetta Favourites with
chorus and orchestra.
3.00 HOME & HOSPITAL RE-
QUESTS.
Presented by Jennifer.
4.00 MUSIC FOR THE YEAR.
Minnel & His Orchestra.
4.30 I HEARD EUROPE SINGING.
Greene & Italy introduced by
Walter Thomas.
4.45 ANNE KATLANETZ AND
HIS ORCHESTRA.
4.15 RAVICZ AND LANAUER
ON TWO PIANOS.
5.30 CHILDREN'S STORY.
"King Solomon's Mines" by H.
Rider Haggard.
Adapted by Gerry Lyle, produced
by Phillipa Rogers.
6.00 THE NEWS.
6.30 FORCES' EVENING SERVICES.

Birthday Play For
Lincoln

Radio Hongkong has chosen Robert E. Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" for this Thursday evening's drama to mark the birthday of the American Civil War President.

A Voice of America production, this Pulitzer Prize Winner covers Lincoln's life from 1831, when he was a young backwoodsman of 22, until 1861, when he leaves his home in Springfield, Illinois, for Washington to become President of the United States.

The large cast is led by film and TV actor, Rod Steiger, who plays the name part.

"Abe Lincoln in Illinois" is at 9.15 p.m.

Holidays

Radio Hongkong will be on the air all day on Monday and Tuesday, during the Chinese New Year holidays.

Cricket

The final Test match opens in Melbourne on Friday and there will be the usual relay from Radio Australia.

These can be heard from 9.50 a.m. until 12.15 p.m., and again from 2 p.m. until 4.05 p.m.

Melodies

The current series of "Chinese Art Songs", locally produced for the Chinese network by K. P.

Conducted by The Rev. T. R.

6.58 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL.

7.15 WEATHER REPORT.

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7.45 NEWS & SPECIAL AN-

7.58 WEATHER REPORT.

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5.30 TIME SIGNAL.

5.45 NEWS & SPECIAL AN-

5.58 WEATHER REPORT.



The late Robert E. Sherwood, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning play, 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois'.

The first programme, "Robin Was A Robin Boy", tells about the bard's boyhood and early youth.

"He'll Be A Credit To Us All" describes his success in Edinburgh and his tours of Scotland, and "Mafortunes Great And

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BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s, 11.655m; and 21.550 Mc/s, 13.92m)

SATURDAY, FEB. 7

- 7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 THE WORLD OF THE WEEK.
7.30 THE CENTRAL HAND OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.
7.35 THE CENTRAL HAND OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.
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SUNDAY, FEB. 8

- 7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 THE WORLD OF THE WEEK.
7.30 THE CENTRAL HAND OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.
7.35 THE CENTRAL HAND OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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Give Mother Breakfast In Bed

HAVE you ever thought what a nice surprise it would be for you to give mother breakfast in bed? It could be on her birthday, or Mother's Day—or any Saturday or Sunday. Or it need not be a special day to show mother how special she is to you.

Make something that you can enjoy with her, too. If mother usually drinks coffee or tea, she might like hot chocolate for a change. If you are not allowed to use the stove, you can still mix a delicious glass of chocolate milk. All you need to do is put one teaspoon of chocolate syrup into a glass of milk and stir until it becomes nice and foamy. Don't put in too much syrup. Mother can add more, if she would like it darker.

Don't make anything fancy. It is what you do and how you do it that counts the most.

If you have a garden and some flowers are in bloom, you can make a corsage. Pin the flowers on some cardboard,



colour it, and tie the stems with a pretty ribbon bow, or you can put a few flowers in a water glass just to make things look bright and cheerful.

If your mother doesn't have a tray on which you can carry a breakfast, use a big roasting pan or a square cake pan. This is even better than a tray since the four sides all around will keep you from dropping things when you walk in to say hello mother. Also, the four-sided pan will keep the

food from wobbling around when mother is eating. You can put a paper doily on the bottom of the pan so that it looks dressed up. And don't forget napkins.

☆☆☆

DON'T CARRY in everything at once. It is easier to carry in a few things at a time. Bring in the things that go together. If you think it would be easier, you can make the birthday breakfast and serve it to mother in the kitchen, or perhaps in the dining room. The special thing is that you made it—and you can. Here are a few ideas for birthday breakfasts for mother:

Start off with a combination juice. Orange and pineapple make a good mixture.

Cinnamon toast is delicious, as a change. While the toast is getting ready in the toaster, mix 1 teaspoon cinnamon with 4 teaspoons sugar. When the toast pops up, spread it with butter. Then sprinkle on the cinnamon-sugar mixture with a teaspoon.

Cinnamon toast has a wonderful smell and so does hot chocolate. Take 1 teaspoon cocoa, ½ teaspoon sugar (mother can add more, if she likes it sweeter) and one cup milk. Put the cocoa, sugar and a little milk in a saucepan. Mix well. Now put it on the stove, turn on the light, keeping it low. Add the rest of the cup of milk. Stir again. Let the mixture cook for about five minutes. Watch out that it does not boil over. Pour into a cup and, if you like, add a marshmallow. Serve it while hot. Do not fill the cup to the top or you will spill it.

Mother can then have ready-made stewed fruit or apple sauce, or you might find some muffins that you can serve with jelly or peanut butter. A jelly doughnut would also be a nice treat. Mothers like sweet things, too.

If mother likes dry cereal, you can dress it up by adding bananas or berries on top. Whatever you do, mother is sure to love it—because she loves you.

—MIRIAM GILBERT

ABOUT MODERN SURVEYING



THE SURVEYOR'S TOUGH BATTLE WITH NATURE IS GOING TO BE EASED...



THE "TELLUROMETER", A RADAR-TYPE DEVICE, IS SAVING MONTHS OF WEARY CHAIN MEASURING. FERRIED FROM HILLTOP TO HILLTOP BY HELICOPTER.

SURVEYORS CAN PLOT NEW HIGHWAYS THROUGH ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE COUNTRY IN A TENTH THE TIME IT USED TO TAKE.

OUTFIT CONSISTS OF TRANSMITTER WHICH SENDS MICROWAVES TO THE DISTANT RECEIVER. TIME ELAPSED BEFORE WAVES RETURN, INDICATES DISTANCE. GREATEST POSSIBLE ERROR—11 INCHES IN 40 MILES.

RECEIVER OPERATOR, IN TOUCH WITH PARTNER BY RADIO PHONE

A Reward For Loving Animals

By LILLIACE M. MITCHELL

FATHER BEEM and Mother Beem both studied the dull grey sky. Neither of them looked towards Richard who spooned his oatmeal hungrily. Oatmeal was a luxury here in the snowbound mountains.

Father Beem had built the fire in the little shelter of their covered wagon. Twigs, a log well rotted with age, two rough stones rubbed vigorously until a spark ignited the twigs.... It had sounded easy back in the Middle West. High here in the Rocky Mountains, falling, falling constantly and more promised in the leaden skies, the fire-building had not proved to be so easy.

The morning had been spent finding dry wood and getting the fire ready. Now the pale sun peered down at them through grey clouds and it was almost above them. Mid-day!

"We're getting almost like folks of leisure," Mother Beem said.

"I certainly do miss your help, son, finding dry wood. Does the leg feel any better?"

Richard's blue eyes were fixed on a spot a hundred yards distant. His spoon was held in mid-air while he looked. He seemed not to hear his father speak. A week before, while Richard had been walking along beside the covered wagon on their way across the Rockies, to find a new home, falling rocks had broken his leg.

They had known the heavy snows were coming. But what they did not know was that this blizzard of 1888 would go down in history as the greatest blizzard of them all. It had been impossible to continue the journey with Richard's leg in splints. The sleds of their covered wagon had returned to eat grass.

Passing through deep snows had made frequent grunting

necessary. At last, Mother Beem had valiantly brought out her big bar of cattle facial soap that had been the going-away gift of their neighbours back home. As soap, it would have been sufficient for nearly a year. As grease, it greased the sleds just once.

"Son," Father Beem said softly. "Are you all right? Can you hear me?"

"I saw a tail over there in the snow bank," Richard said.

His father gave a short laugh with little humor in it. "If we had four legs and a tail, son—something for you to ride, we could continue our journey. It might mean—" he stopped. His blue eyes, darker than Richard's, squinted in the dim light. "I do believe I saw a movement, too, son. Can you get over there with me? After all, it is your find!"

A REAL SURPRISE

LEANING on his father heavily, Richard stumbled across the little clearing. He took hold of the white tail and pulled gently.

"Dad! It's—it's a pony!" he gasped.

When they pulled him out, the pony was half-suffocated with the snow, his golden head and mane hanging down pitifully. He tried to twitch his white tail from side to side but he was tired and frightened and very cold. With Richard leading him, the pony followed to the covered wagon where Richard put his bowl of oatmeal to the pony's mouth.

Mother Beem stifled a cry. "Oh, don't waste your oatmeal, son. No telling when we shall be able to cook more."

"He's hungrier than I am, Mother," Richard said, patting the pony and holding the bowl close to the quivering lips.

Father Beem groaned. "This is the end," he moaned. "Indians! They had heard all the way along, every place they saw and talked with people, that the Indians here in the Rockies were fierce. Now, riding up the narrow trail in a single file came



The object covered with snow was a pony! Richard hobbled to the frightened animal and pulled him to his feet. Golly, how he'd like to keep this beautiful golden pony for his very own.

Indians riding along silently. Even the hooves made no sound on the snow. The Indians seemed not to see the single covered wagon but they rode directly towards it, halting in a semi-circle within 20 feet. They looked and made no sound. It was more frightened than Indian yells. The little golden pony with the white tail sank to his knees but Richard sank with him, holding the bowl of hot oatmeal close to the mouth of the weakened and frightened animal.

"Chico!" called one Indian who was taller than the others.

RECLAIMED AGAIN

THE pony lifted his head. But he could not move. The Indian rode closer and sat on his pony staring down at the kneeling boy who did not even glance up as the shadow darkened the pony. Richard murmured softly into the pony's ear and the pony ate.

"Yours?" asked the Indian.

"I found him," Richard answered, one arm indicating the pony.

Richard got to his feet. "Be good to him," he said.

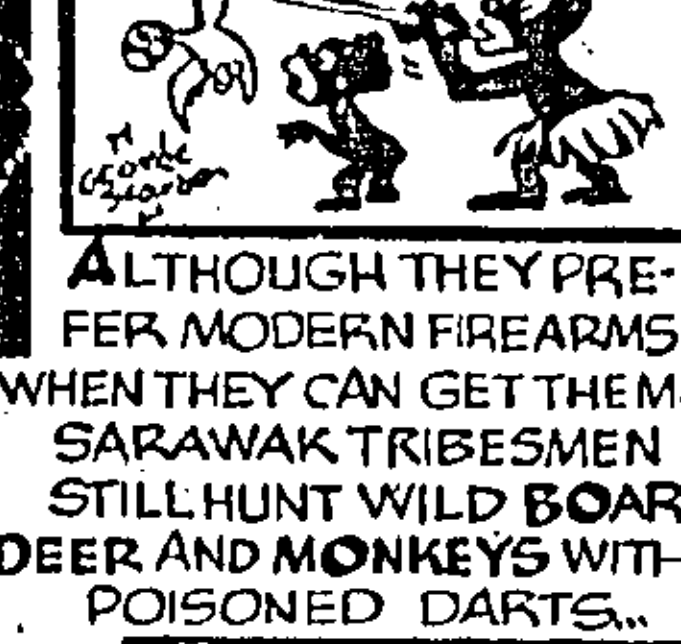
The Indian stared down at the boy and then his eyes roved over the semi-circle of mounted Indians. Selecting the one with the finest pony, the Indian motioned the man to ride closer. He said a sentence or two and the man dismounted and handed the rein to Richard.

"For you," the Indian told Richard. "For a kind boy and wear this necklace for safe passage through the mountains, Friend!"

As quickly as they had come, they rode away, the Indian on foot leading the little golden pony, now revived by a dish of oatmeal that had been meant for Richard.

Already, Richard was climbing to the pony's back and Mother Beem picked up the cook kettle. They could go on now.

400'S WHO



ALTHOUGH THEY PREFER MODERN FIREARMS WHEN THEY CAN GET THEM, SARAWAK TRIBESMEN STILL HUNT WILD BOAR, DEER AND MONKEYS WITH POISONED DARTS.

BEAR FLESH IS FAIRLY GOOD EATING, THOUGH IT IS LIKELY TO BE STRONG-FLAVORED AND TOUGH. BLACK BEAR IS SAID TO BE VERY GOOD WHEN THE ANIMAL HAS BEEN LIVING ON ACORNS FOR SOME TIME

THE WHITE ANTS OF AUSTRALIA BUILD TERMITARIES THAT ARE SOMETIMES 20 FEET HIGH...

Mr. Rat Plays A Trick

—O'Scowl Feels More Like A Goose Than The Goose—

By MAX TRELL

"IT'S hard enough having your own work to do," grumbled Pixie O'Scowl to Knarl and Handl, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, "but when you have to do other people's work as well—!"

Pixie O'Scowl was too angry to finish his own sentence. He got up and slumped around the Old Oak where all the Pixies live.

Finally, Handl seized him by the legs and Knarl grabbed him by the arm, and they both made him sit down.

Tell Us The Story

"Now sit quietly and tell us the whole story," Handl said sternly.

"Lemme go! I'm too tired to tell any stories!" Pixie O'Scowl said.

"You're not too tired to slump up and down," replied Knarl.

"Whose work did you have to do?" Handl asked.

"All right," said Pixie O'Scowl, grumpily. "I'll tell you. But I'm not going to enjoy it. And I don't care whether you believe it or not."

Hot Daisy Tea

Pixie O'Scowl said he had risen quite early in the morning. After he had dressed and brushed his teeth and had a cup of hot daisy tea and buttercup biscuits, he had taken his basket and gone out into the yard to gather mushrooms.

"I must have been working an hour or so when I heard somebody cackling behind my back. 'Chickens cackle,' said Handl. 'Was it a chicken?'"

"No, it wasn't a chicken," replied Pixie O'Scowl. "It was that next-door neighbour of ours, Mr. Rat."

"A real Rat?" asked Knarl.

"Certainly it was a real Rat," said Pixie O'Scowl. "And there he was behind me, cackling away for all he was worth."

"Now what's the joke?" I asked, turning around and looking him straight in the eye.

"Take it easy, Pixie O'Scowl," Rat said to me. "Just wait till I tell you and you'll see how funny it is!"

"So Rat sat himself down on a public bench, made himself comfortable and said he had just played a terribly funny trick on a Goose."

"What funny trick?" I asked him.

"While Goose's back was turned, I stole her wiggling tail!"

"You stole her tail?" I cried. "What did you do with it, Rat?"

"I hid it," replied Rat.

"Where did you hide it?" I asked.

"I'm not telling," said Rat.



"Wait till I tell you how funny it was," Rat told Pixie.

"And at this very moment, Rat jumped up and ran away, because out of the corner of his eye he saw Goose coming up, sticking her head in every bush and hedge to try to find her stolen tail."

"Well," said Pixie O'Scowl to Knarl and Handl, "I dropped all my work and spent the rest of the day, up until this very minute, hunting all over with the Goose trying to find her tail."

"And did you find the Goose's tail?" Handl asked.

Ho Was Embarrassed

Pixie O'Scowl grew red in the face with embarrassment. "We did," he said.

"Where was it?" asked Handl. "At this, Pixie O'Scowl grew even redder in the face."

"It was pinned on behind me," said Pixie O'Scowl. "I felt more like a Goose than a Goose."

"Poor Pixie O'Scowl," said Handl to her brother Knarl, as they both walked home later.

Brain Teaser

ALL of the following have to do with light. Do you know what each one is?

1. The Lady with a lamp.
2. The statue holding a torch.
3. The Light of the World.
4. The inventor of the electric light.
5. A bug which flashes off and on.
6. Five of ten foolish virgins held the light go out in their lamps because they had no oil.
7. Light travels at 186,000 miles per second.

Answers:
1. The Lady with a lamp.
2. The statue holding a torch.
3. The Light of the World.
4. The inventor of the electric light.
5. A bug which flashes off and on.
6. Five of ten foolish virgins held the light go out in their lamps because they had no oil.
7. Light travels at 186,000 miles per second.

Rupert and the Secret Boat—26



At length, when he feels much refreshed, Rupert rises and stretches himself. Come on, we'd better explore the island to see if we can find anything to drink," he says. "Then we must think out some way of getting back home and..."

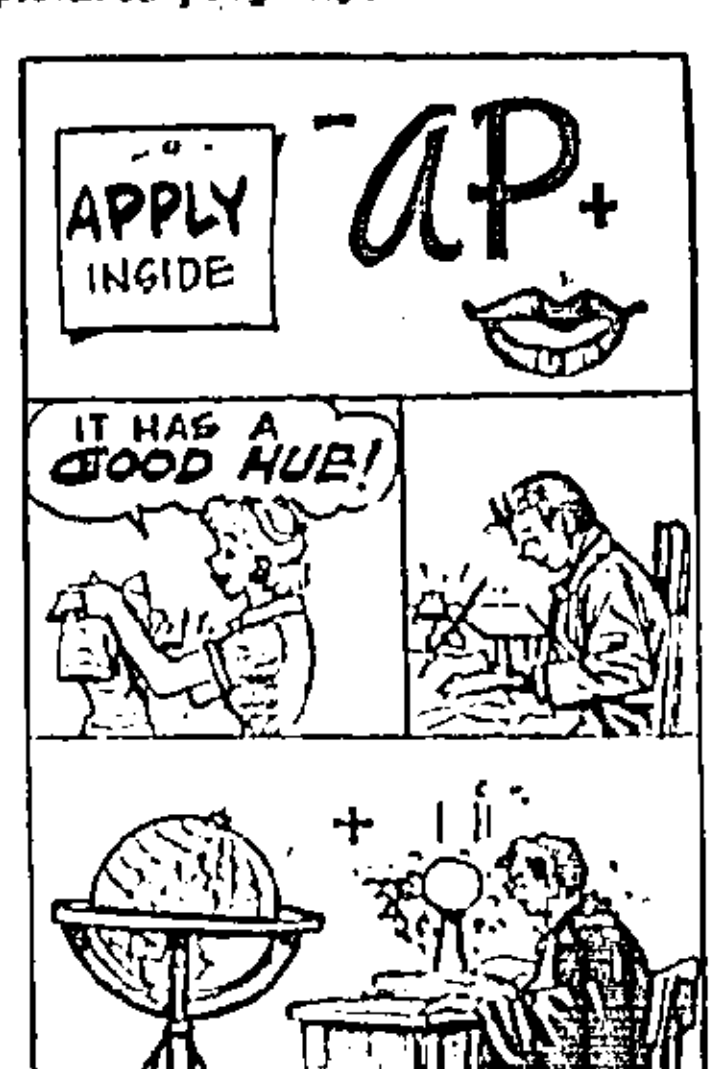
drink. Fruit was lovely and juicy," Gregory mumbled. "I'm so comfy, I'm going to sleep again. Good night." "It isn't night, it's morning, you old layabout," exclaims Rupert. But Gregory won't budge. So Rupert has to start exploring on his own.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Coolidge Visit:

COOLIDGE REBUS

You can find the four facts about President Calvin Coolidge that Puzzle Pete has hidden here if you use the words and pictures properly.



SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

Help Puzzle Pete make sense out of this sentence about President Coolidge:

Coolidge presidency of Calvin the Warren the G. on Harding, succeeded death.

BACKWARD LOOKS

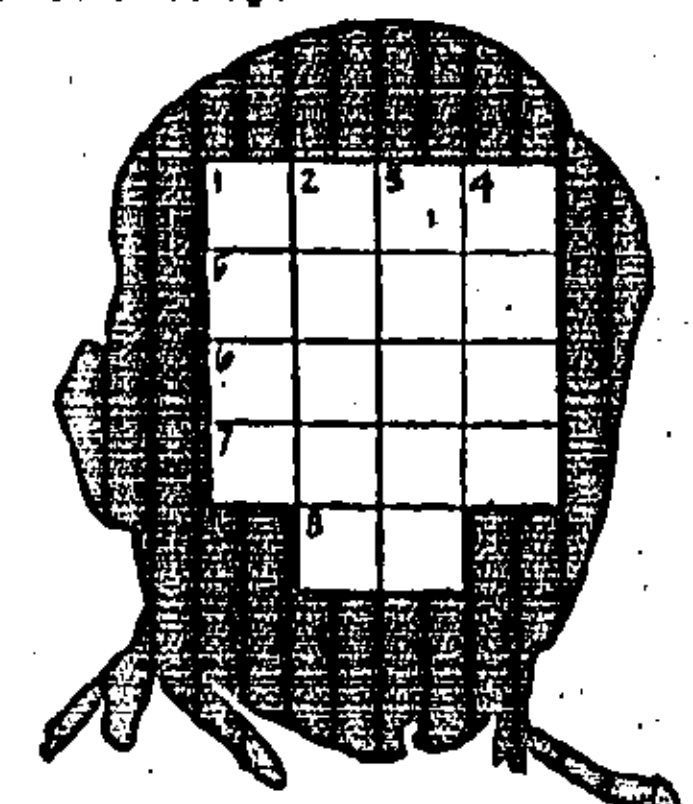
Try these facts about President Coolidge backward if you run into trouble with them:

EKIRTS ECILPOF NOTSOB RONKEVOG TBED LANOTJAN DECU- DER

(Solutions on Page 20)

COOLIDGE CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal placed Puzzle Pete's crossword puzzle on a silhouette of President Coolidge to dress it up.



ACROSS
1 First name of President Coolidge's father
5 Great Lake
6 Forefather
7 Having toes
8 North Dakota (ab.)
DOWN
1 Joke
2 Constellation
3 Employed
4 Require

COOLIDGE DIAMOND

Coolidge was born in VERMONT, which is the centre of Puzzle Pete's word diamond. The second word is "a body of water", third is "to wait upon", fifth "cavities", and sixth "half-cents" to a printer. How quickly can you complete the diamond from the clues?

VERMONT
O
N
T

THE BIRDS AND THE BEES

A SOFT BREEZE blew across the field and gently waved the blossoms of red clover. A mother bumblebee, resting from her pollen gathering, snuggled carefully over her nest of precious eggs. It wouldn't do to leave them uncovered too long for if they got chilled they would not hatch.

In the spring, shortly after she awakened from her long winter sleep, she had discovered an abandoned field mouse nest and had furnished it with wax cells in which to store honey and pollen and lay her eggs. She had manufactured the wax by a curious method. To be different, she built, cavity cell long and rounded, instead of hexagonal like the cells of the honeycomb.

She had made many trips to the red clover blossoms; had gathered nectar and pollen into the queer little baskets on her hind legs, and had stored it in the wax cells for the numerous broods of babies which she would raise during the spring and summer.

But the best laid plans of mice, and bees as well, sometimes go astray. A dreadful noise disturbed the quiet of the clover field.

A pair of horses and a mowing machine had turned the peaceful summer day into one of fright and anxiety.

Would her tiny home be mown down—her nest of eggs destroyed, and the baby grubs that had hatched out earlier killed? No. No! Not if she could help it. Nature had given her an improved weapon with which the honeybee who sacrificed its life when it stings once. She had a stinger which she could use several times if necessary and still keep on living.

The older children of her family, children who had hatched and matured in the spring, heard the racket and came buzzing—each with a personal weapon ready for use.

The driver of the team paused to examine the situation, and then made a respectful circle around the nest. It wouldn't do to have the horses stung—nor himself. But most important of all it would not be good business to destroy the bumblebees. You see the red clover depends upon the bumblebee to cross-pollinate it. Only the bumblebee can reach the nectar in the red clover flower cups. Honeybees cannot reach it and so have to confine themselves to the white clover.

A few years ago Australia introduced red clover into their continent as a hay crop. The farmers there soon discovered,

however, that they had to import bumblebees too for cross-pollination, or their red clover would not produce seeds.

THE MOTHER BUMBLEBEE is one of the few insects that broods her eggs and young. Bumblebees eggs hatch within five days. Some species of bumblebees feed both pollen and nectar to the baby larvae (worm-like grubs), while others feed only pollen.

The pollen feeding mother provides pollen pockets in the cells containing the larvae. The nectar feeding mother provides these pockets of pollen for her young workers only. The larvae of males and queens are fed nectar by regurgitation, the queen larvae receiving a special food called royal jelly. The mother mixes and liquifies the food in her stomach and mouth and pours it back into the cell.

At the end of seven days the larvae spin silken cocoons in which they pupate, or change from grubs into chrysalids and then into bees. The mother broods them for 12 or 14 days, finally helping each transformed silvery grey bee from its cocoon. It crawls to a honey pot for its first meal as an adult.

The queen mother then enlarges the abandoned cocoon and uses it to store more pollen and honey.

Young worker bees are soon ready to begin collecting nectar and pollen for the growing family, and before long the colony may number a hundred or more, depending upon the safety of the location of the nest.

Sometimes a strange queen will come and try to steal the colony. If the mother queen is killed, the new queen takes over. However, a strong mother queen may encounter several rivaling antagonists and kill them all—then continuing her work in peace.

Some parasite invaders are promptly stung. Others are treated to a "gunning-up" process by which they are smeared with honey until they are forced to make an undignified retreat.

Bumblebee workers have a life span of only a few weeks. Barring accidents, a queen bumblebee may live for several years, hibernating each winter.

According to early scientific calculations, a bumblebee should not fly. His fuselage (body) was said to have too much volume for his wing-spread. The bumblebee, however, didn't know a thing about aerodynamics, so he went on his way, flying about the fields of red clover in blissful ignorance. If he ever reads it, he'll have to increase his wing-spread.

—By PAUL VANDERBEEK

GIRL WITH NO ARMS SITS EXAM

By Gareth Bowen

JANE PREECE, born without arms, smiled proudly and said: "I'll write the answers with my feet, of course!"

Jane, aged 11, of Plas Rhyd, Rhos — a village high on the slopes of the Swannsea Valley in Wales — looked up at her mother and listed what she can do with ten talented toes:

"I can thread a needle, sew tapestry, knit jumpers, brush the floor, and draw and paint."

"Look, let me show you a trick," added Jane. "Just watch me pick up twelve pennies one after the other with my feet..."

★ ★ ★

And up they came.

It was a terrible day for lorry driver Victor Preece and his wife when they were told Jane was born armless.

JACOBY on BRIDGE

THERE never was a rivalry at bridge like that between the late Hal Sims and the late Ely Culbertson. In today's hand "The Professor," as Hal called Ely, managed to defeat "The Maestro," as Ely called Hal, at one of Hal's favourite three-trump contracts.

Ely opened the seven of clubs and dummy's ten won the trick. Hal started after the diamond suit and Ely went into a huddle before making his first defence.

What's your problem, Professor?" asked Hal.

"I am trying to figure out a hand of yours that I can beat," replied Ely. "And I think I have."

Ely proceeded to discard the deuce of spades and six and three of hearts as Hal ran out the diamond suit. Hal's next

NORTH (D) 31	
♠ A 10 5 4	
♥ A 3 2	
♦ K J 10 5	
♣ 10 3	
WEST	
♠ Q 7 2	♠ 8 6 3
♥ K 5	♥ Q 9 4
♦ 2	♦ 9 8 6 3
♣ A K 8 7 6	♣ 9 5 4
SOUTH	
♠ K 9	
♥ J 10 7 5	
♦ A Q 7 4	
♣ Q 2	
Both vulnerable	
North East South West	
1 ♠ Pass 2 NT Pass	
3 NT Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♠ 7	

play was a heart to dummy's ace and Ely's king fell. Now Hal threw Ely in with a club and Ely took his four club tricks. Ely's next play was the seven of spades and the three no-trump contract was doomed to defeat.

Ely had actually constructed Hal's whole hand and worked out the only defence to beat him. One club discard would have been fatal and at the end Ely had to lead his low spade, not the queen or the jack else Hal would have made three spade tricks.

♥ CARD GAME ♥

Q—The bidding has been:
South West North East
1 ♠ 1 ♠ 2 ♠ Pass

You, South, hold:
♠ A K J 10 ♠ A 2 2 ♠ A J 8 7 6
♥ A 10 7 5 ♦ A Q 7 4 ♣ Q 2

What do you do?
A—Bid three hearts. You have good support for hearts but your opening bid is a minimum.

TODAY'S QUESTION
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:
♠ A K J 10 ♠ A 2 2 ♠ A J 8 7 6
♥ A 10 7 5 ♦ A Q 7 4 ♣ Q 2

What do you do?
Answer on Tuesday

A Dictator Was Her Puppet

BY
Rex Lopez

EVA PERON rose from the slums to become the most powerful woman the twentieth century has seen.

But it was not until after her death that the world realised the full extent of her power; that she, not her husband, had been the true ruler of the Argentine.

Maria Eva Duarte de Peron, the illegitimate waif from the slums of Los Toldos, had created a dictator whose reign could not long survive her early death.

What set Eva Peron apart from other women? The answer is her burning lust for power and a ruthless determination to win it, no matter how. She chose Juan Peron as a means of getting to the top. If it had not been Peron, she would have found someone else.

Eva stands out from history's other women of destiny, for she used brains while appearing to use beauty. In fact, Eva was not a beautiful woman. Looked at objectively, she was not even particularly attractive.

An Illusion

But what Eva did have was a quite astounding ability to create the illusion of great beauty.

She used every means to enhance her pale-skinned, dark-eyed looks. In a country of dark-haired women she knew the dramatic effect of a blonde — and so dyed her hair. Her spending on clothes, jewels and cosmetics was fabulous.

When she left home at 16 to seek her fortune in Buenos Aires, her most treasured possession was an imitation pearl necklace.

When she died at 33 she left £2 million worth of jewels, 400 dresses, 600 hats, 200 pairs of shoes and a fabulous collection of fur coats.

Eva proved that for the woman on the way to the top, the most effective weapon is brains. With one vital provision. She must never cease being womanly. She must never be aggressively brainy.

Yet there was much about Eva that was truly womanly. For instance it is impossible to be completely accurate about her age because—with a typically feminine gesture—she used her power to have all the records of her life altered to suit her own tidier version.

It is known that she was one of the five illegitimate children of an Argentine labourer, that she was born about 1919, and that when she was 16 she got free of the squalor of Los Toldos.

Even then her sights were trained high. Of the women in history who had reached the top, she chose as her model the Empress Theodora, the actress-courtesan who married a Byzantine emperor. It was natural enough, therefore, that Eva began her climb as a small-time actress, nightclub singer and model.

But while Theodora had stepped into a ready-made kingdom, Eva built her own empire brick by brick. Hers was a self-made Cinderella story. A Cinderella who created her own Prince.

That Peron could never have set up his dictatorship without her is an historical fact. He had ambition but he lacked the shrewdness to see how he might reach the top and stay there.

While Eva lived it was easy for Peron to act like an iron-fisted ruler. When she died it became embarrassingly obvious that she had ruled from behind the scenes.

Eva had in marked measure another attribute of the great. Complete faith in herself, even when the object of her ambition must have seemed as remote as the moon.

Perfect Match

She was a radio gossip-columnist of no great note when she chose Juan Peron as her man of destiny in 1945. At that time he was an Under-Secretary at the War Ministry, an undistinguished post in one of the Argentine's innumerable government departments.

Peron, tall, broad-shouldered, looking as if Hollywood had cast him for the role, was the perfect match for the 25-year-old Eva with the velvet voice.

With Peron at her side, she began to carve out their path to the presidency. The first thing Eva did was to take an apartment next door to Peron's in a fashionable block in the centre of Buenos Aires. Eva was well aware that, in a country with 80 per cent illiteracy, radio propaganda was immensely valuable.

So, using her radio programme, she set out to make Peron's name a household word. She mentioned his name nearly every day. She told her listeners that he was their champion in the government. She told them that he preferred the company of the descamisados (shirtless ones) to that of the frock-coated government officials.

Having come from the poor, Eva knew how to use them. They, the descamisados, were going to achieve her ambition for her.

When an earthquake destroyed the city of San Juan, killing 8,000 and injuring 50,000, Eva persuaded Peron to rush to the scene. She organised a fund for the people of San Juan. But it was Peron who handed out the money to the survivors.

First Time

This was the first time anyone had done such a thing. And Eva made sure the country knew it. Peron was the champion of the poor. Hadn't he proved it by his gallant and daring flight to the people of San Juan?

About this time Peron married Eva secretly. Meantime, his colleagues had begun to realise that Peron was becoming a danger to them. They arrested him and exiled him to an island near Buenos Aires. But they realised too late that they had acted against the wrong Peron.

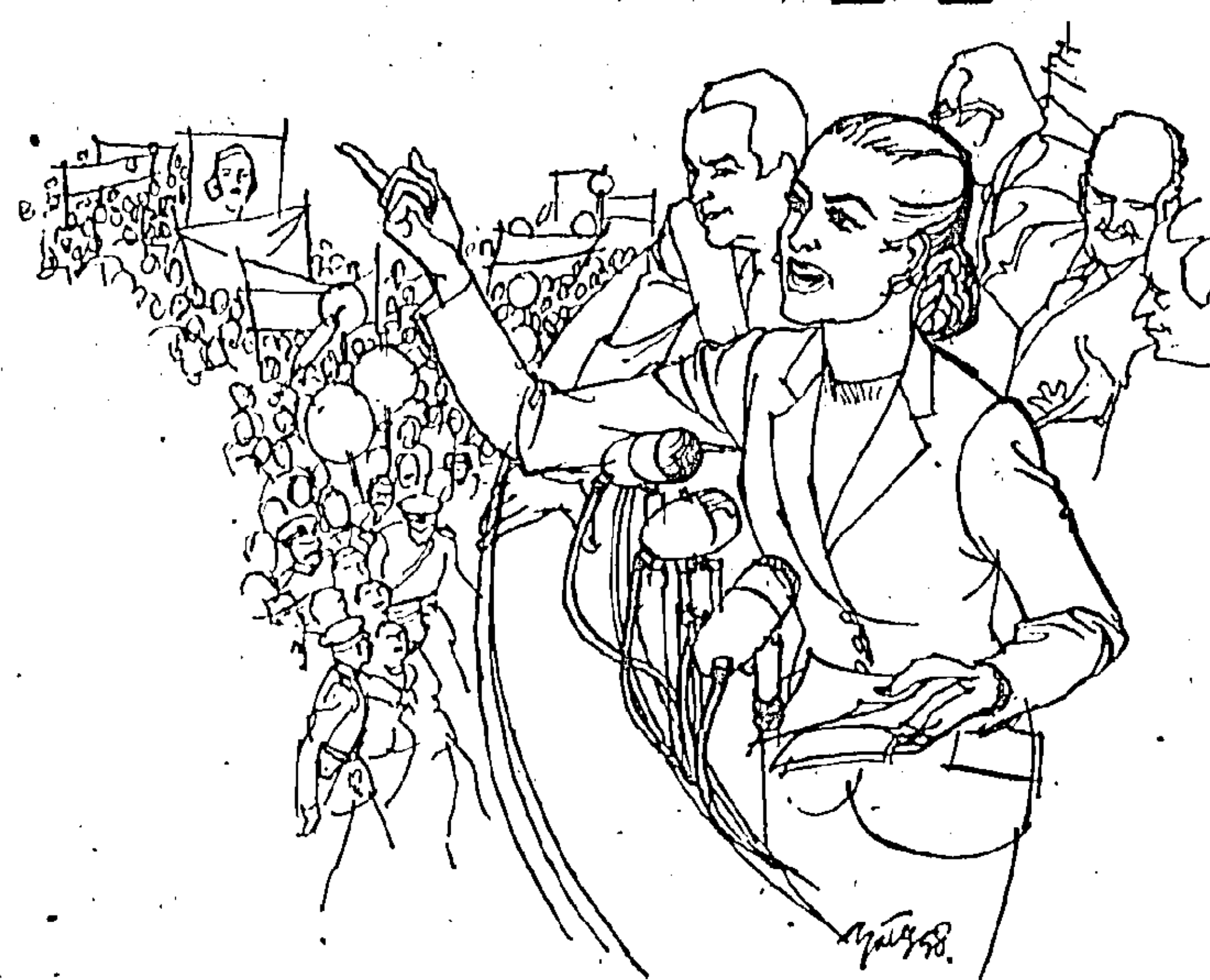
For Eva, using her radio programme, brought out the mob. More than 60,000 descamisados crowded into the Plaza de Mayo, Buenos Aires' main square, demanding Peron's release.

Peron was set free, the martyr of the poor, saved by the love of his woman. And in March 1946, he was elected President by a landslide vote. Thus Eva became one of the most powerful women in history.

Eva in power was a fascinating woman to watch. She had little of what is called sex appeal. But she used her charm on the mob, and blinded their eyes to their own squalor and poverty. She was their "little mother."

She set up the Social Aid Foundation, a charitable organisation, which at the height of its success was netting £35 million a year.

Some of the money was spent on a genuine welfare work, orphanages, hospitals, clinics and schools. But a large proportion disappeared as it into



Peron was the dictator, but Eva was the real power in Argentina.

thin air, while Eva's "investments" at home and abroad increased. She used to spend more than £20,000 a year on clothes in Paris. Yet, when she visited the poverty-stricken descamisados, clad in an ermine-lined coat, they saw nothing strange in it.

Women's Vote

She was beyond questioning. One foreign visitor who did ask Eva how she disposed of the Foundation's vast revenue was told: "The money is for the poor. I'm too busy giving it away to stop to count it." Eva knew, too, the strength of her handsome husband's appeal to women. So she got women their vote for the first time in 1951. And she persuaded them to elect Peron into a second term of office.

During the election campaign, she would stand on the balcony

of the Palace facing the Plaza de Mayo, microphones in hand, blaring at the vast crowd about Peron's achievements.

Then for the benefit of women in her audience, she would plant a kiss on his lips. "That one is from all of you," she would say. But behind the scenes Eva was ruthless in her use of power. On her word men were thrown in jail, tortured, shot. She decided governmental appointments, issued orders and passed decrees. Peron's job was to sign them.

A government secretary who tried to alter one of her invitation lists was told by her: "One word from me and you're a corpse—you little scoundrel."

Throughout all this Eva never dropped her act of humility. She once said when she was at the height of her power: "I am nothing but a humble woman. A single sparrow among a immense number of sparrows. He—Peron—is like

an eagle who flies high and sure and the peacocks and near to God."

But when Eva the Sparrow was gone, Juan the Eagle crumpled and crashed.

When the end was near, Peron, knelt by her bedside, sobbing: "Don't leave me, Evita, don't leave me."

Doomed

It was the heartfelt cry of the eagle who must have known that without his guiding sparrow he was doomed.

Eva was dead. But she had accomplished all she set out to do. The only ironical twist in her ambitious career had come when her nomination for the vice-presidency was rejected on the grounds that she was too young.

When she had the records forged, she had herself made three years younger than she really was.

It was her one mistake.

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London's old enemy

THE weather is one of the truly consistent headline-makers in Britain. Though I often wonder why the British should continue to be amazed by a climate calculated to make a cynic of any saint, their interest in their weather remains nothing short of morbid.

Recently it was the old enemy, fog, which pushed Khrushchev and cricket off the nation's front pages. It was the worst, gloated the headlines, since the Great Smog of 1952 which took nearly 4,000 lives.

It crept over the capital, turning this city of eight million odd souls into a place of the blind, crippling transport and shutting people up in their homes — when they were fortunate enough to reach them. Its cost in terms of health and money has yet to be counted. Since fog is the foulest of the many climatic abominations suffered by this island race, I shall try to give you some idea of what a real "pen-souper" is like.

To start with it doesn't swirl dramatically, as the makers of horror films seem to believe. The real London variety lies terrifyingly inert upon its victim.

To the touch it is lily wet, as if a steam bath had been rigged up in a refrigerating plant. To get some idea of the taste of fog you should sit up all night in an ill-ventilated railway carriage which has stuck in a tunnel, and chain-smoke cheap cigarettes. At about 7 a.m. roll your tongue around your mouth. Note that furry, sulphurous bouquet? Now you're beginning to know what London fog tastes like.

But the most terrifying thing about fog is the blindness it can bring to a great city in only a few minutes. In a real "pen-souper" you can stretch your arm ahead of you and barely discern your fingers. That's what the British mean when they talk about being unable to

PETER BURGOYNE'S News From Britain

see your hand in front of your face. And because fog plays tricks with sounds, you can lose all sense of direction. In such a fog you can become terrifyingly lost within a few yards of your home.

So next time you read of fog in Britain, remember the touch, the taste of it and the frightening blindness and spare a prayer for us benighted souls.

The Big Question

WILL Britain's next government be Socialist? If you follow the pollsters, with their graphs of political popularity, the possibility of a Socialist government, you will see, is nothing like as remote as it seemed a few short weeks ago. The latest survey shows the Socialists edging ahead of the Conservatives in the popularity stakes.

Personally, I still believe that the Conservatives will win the coming General Election which is almost certain to be held this year. For while I have no quarrel with the pollsters, I am convinced that the vital "font" of voters' will, in the event, preserve the Conservatives in power.

Those "floating voters" in the main, not found among the groups likely to be affected by unemployment, which is their main obstacle to a Conservative victory. Therefore, I believe, they will choose the comparative prosperity offered by the Conservatives, rather than the controls and stifling egalitarianism of the Socialists.

The Conservative majority, however, may be whittled down by the intervention of the Liberals. The Liberal renaissance of a year ago seemed to have dimmed of late and the pundits have been saying that the

Liberals would not intervene in a general election to anything like the extent expected when they began their come-back. But in a by-election at Southend this week the Liberals managed to oust the Conservatives from both Conservative and Socialist support. And this, it is being said, will hearten them to increase the number of their candidates at the forthcoming general election, and, therefore, split votes in more constituencies.

Changing Times

IN my more dare-devil moments as a schoolboy I would club together with a classmate and buy five cheap cigarettes — 2 in those days. Even though this indulgence was very, very occasional, we were regarded by our more virtuous schoolfellows as depraved little monsters.

When we were caught—as inevitably we were—we were given hideings I still haven't forgotten.

This excursion into nostalgia is occasioned by a report that in Edinburgh, that fortress of Presbyterian rectitude, the corporation is to conduct a survey into the "smoking habits" of school children. This is part of a drive to curb anti-smoking propaganda.

What astounds me is that the corporation is merely going to investigate the smoking habits of the young charges instead of descending upon them in righteous wrath and smiting them hip and thigh.

TV Row

A ROW is brewing over the conduct of Britain's commercial television. An attack

spearheaded by certain Socialist M.P.s, is being made on the way television advertising is being handled.

The critics charge that the official watchdog of commercial television, the Independent Television Authority, is not being nearly watchful enough. The result, they say, is that advertising is being allowed to intrude into programmes in a way that would never have been agreed to when Parliament voted to permit commercial television.

Their principal complaint is that the programme-makers are not abiding by the rule that advertising spots should be permitted only during "natural breaks" in programmes. "Natural breaks," they complain, are being deliberately contrived.

The head men of the I.T.A. have now rounded on their attackers and told them they are interpreting too narrowly the function of the Authority.

All passions is not yet spent on the subject. So watch for a large scale row over Britain's first venture into commercial broadcasting.

Self-Hypnosis

A PIECE of medical history was made in Britain recently when Mrs Pamela Brandson gave birth to an 8 lb boy. For Mrs Brandson became the first mother in Britain to give birth while in a self-induced hypnotic trance.

When it was all over, Mrs Brandson said: "I had a bad time with my three other children, but this one, though the heaviest of all of them, was no trouble at all."

"I just put myself in a hypnotic state, told myself I could feel no pain, and that was that. I never felt any pain."

Three months ago Mrs Brandson accepted a free course in self-hypnosis from the president of the British Society of Hypno-Therapists.

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

8th RACE MEETING

Saturday 14th February, 1959

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 8 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, D'Aguiar Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 2 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes, except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 13th February, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets at \$2.00 each for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 14th February 1959 may be obtained from the Club Sweep Offices at—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street on—

Saturday 7th February 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Monday 9th to Thursday 12th February 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Friday 13th February:

Queen's Building 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

5 D'Aguiar Street 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 362 Nathan Road, Kowloon on—

Saturday 7th February 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

Monday 9th to Friday 13th February 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards.

A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

Hong Kong, 7th February, 1959.

Hexangular Rugby Continues Today

CLUB TACKLE ARMY SOUTH, ARMY NORTH HAVE EASY GAME AGAINST POLICE

By PAK LO

The Club ground offers the most interest for spectators this afternoon, for two games are scheduled to be played there, with both the Club teams taking the field. In what should be the best game of the afternoon Club at 4.15 p.m. meet Army South, while in the curtain raiser Club "B" are at home to the REME.

On the other side of the harbour, Sekong, his once more been abandoned in favour of Army Boundary Street by Army North who as one of the Hexangular leaders face what should be an easy game against the bottom placed Police. This game begins at 4.00 p.m., and at the same time at Kowloon the RAF face a Navy XV strengthened by the arrival of "Cavalier."

In the major game of the day Club are still without McTavish, but Lochrie is moved to centre three today as Valentine returns to fly-half, while Steward takes on Lochrie's job at full-back.

Injured

The pick at time of going to press is unchanged, though there is some doubt as to whether Steven will be fit as he was injured on Wednesday while playing for Victoria. If this is the case Utley will probably be moved up from the "B" XV, and this is still a strong Club XV whatever happens with the accident still on the three and halves.

Army South are also strengthened by the return of Gilbertson at long last, and he moves into the centre of the three inside Sharp.

From this it can be presumed that Army South are going to concentrate on playing an open game, and as this is the Club's obvious tactics too, this should be a really good game.

Better Pack

The Club forwards should on paper share the scrum, but should, with Miller and Newbiggin, dominate the lineouts for Army South are without Mander today.

The Club also are the better looking pack in the loose and this should give them a steady supply of the ball, and there is no question of the Club three's ability to score.

Footballer Dies After Kick

Jack Ambler, 10, a promising forward employed on the ground staff of Portsmouth Football Club, died in hospital last week, three months after receiving a kick in a junior match. "We believe he had peritonitis," said the club secretary.

Army South without the ball will be mainly on the defensive for Elliott will not be allowed to break through from the base of the scrum today with Campbell and Penman covering him. All in all then another win for the Club by a narrow margin, after a fine game.

At Kowloon the Navy are a little stronger both in the pack and the three, but the RAF brought Coombes back on to one wing with Martin and Carr inside him, while Hughes retains his place on the other wing. Lowe as a result is moved up to wing forward to strengthen the forward attack, and the RAF have a very strong back division on the field today.

If they lie a little deeper, they should have little trouble in overcoming the Navy for the RAF are much faster and more capable of penetration than the sailors. The latter, being the Navy, will not give in without a struggle and the airman though they should win should only do so by a narrow margin.

Rich Returns

In the other major game Rich returns to the Police three after a long injury enforced rest, and while they are now stronger, they have first to overcome Army North's forwards.

Kell is moved to prop where he should be much happier, and this should enable Cunningham to get the ball back more regularly from the scrums.

In the lineouts, however, it will be the usual two who will be getting the ball back to Phillips, and Army North are sure to keep the game closed up.

The Police have one chance of pulling off a surprise victory here, and that is by reverting to their old back and rush tactics, but have upset better teams than Army North before today.

If the Police open the game up they are not likely to do much damage for O'Hare will have to move quicker if he is to get the ball away before Hill and Whitmore are on top of him.

Minor Match

This definitely looks like a win for the Army side, and though Leonard at full-back is a shaky starter this will make little difference to the result.

In the minor match REME contains too many unknowns to be assessed, but the fact that few of their players have been seen in action for a senior Army side points to another win for Club "B", who have a strong pack and a nice fast three line, with a capable of finding the gaps to rend his fast wingers through to score.

Today's Teams

Following are the teams for today's games:

Club: Steward, Browne, Addis, Lochrie, Inglis, Valentine, Tancock, Whitley, Williams, Howie, Miller, Newbiggin, Campbell, Steven, Penman.

Army South: McDonald, Sharp, Gilbertson, Davies, Church, Bridwell, Elliott, Chapell, Richards, Lemage, Clancy, Tunbridge, Fitzgerald, Clarke, Williams.

Police: Dunn, Stevin, Scott, Rich, Bellingham, Johnston, O'Hare, Kell, Cunningham, Shelley, Newton, Council, Roberts, Bryn, Miller.

Army North: Leppard, Penney, Jowett, Webster, Bede-Cox, Phillips, Morris, Morrison, McIntosh, Wilson, Munz, Winn, Hill, Hodges, Whitmore.

RAF: Wilcox, Coombes, Martin, Carr, Hughes, Radcliffe.

Poyner, Stear, Hill, Richards, Moss, Ahern, Lowe, Burwood, Conway.

Club "B": Martin, Laville, Hutt, Heenan, Cooke, Wiggott, Brown, Dillworth, Croucher, Turner, Barnes, Collinson, Sank, Utley, Spencer.

REME: Jackson, Clark, Swift, Nalsh, Wright, Pratt, Carthy, Jackson, Orchard, Smythe, Murphy, Dakin, Griffiths, Noble.

END THIS BOXING MENACE

By Harold Mayes

Headguards—I hate 'em. In fact, I think these monstrous pieces of gymnasium equipment are just about the worst thing ever introduced to boxing.

Many people are suggesting that the time has come for fighters to be given some form of protection around the eyes during an actual contest. But I believe that injuries around the eyes, which bring a premature ending to many a contest, could very largely be avoided by insisting that fighters do their gymnasium work without using headguards.

Headguards were first introduced as a form of protection for fighters. Now they've come to be a protection for promoters—against the risk of postponements caused by cut eyes received in training.

Primarily Responsible

And I'm convinced that that protection is being achieved at the expense of the fighters practising the arts and crafts of their business which would help to end the cut eye bogey without any need for trying other means to prevent it.

I feel that the headguard is primarily responsible for fighters falling to learn properly the rudiments of slipping and ducking which, after all, is the way to avoid being hit and the way to avoid being cut.

It's quite reasonable, in this day and age when the tendency is to try and achieve the maximum result with the minimum of effort, that men sparring day after day wearing a headguard find it easier to drop their heads slightly and take a punch on the hefty piece of rubber protection around their foreheads than to avoid it by other means.

And it's my contention that they do this so often in training that it's like night following day for them to do it in an actual contest.

After all, the idea of working in the gymnasium at all, apart from getting fit, is to ensure that a fighter learns to make all his moves automatically.

Not Only Complaint

So if a fault acquired through having protection in the gymnasium which is not available in actual combat is the cause of the trouble, why not eliminate the fault by taking away the piece of equipment which causes it to be made?

It isn't the only complaint I have to make against the headguard. The other reason why I believe it to be a handicap rather than a boon (the boon it is supposed to be) is that I feel that the perspiration which is trapped around the eye region by a headguard must obviously soften the skin and make it more vulnerable to cutting.

More 'Tin' Ears

The old-timers fought oftener than most men today, but they never had a fraction of the trouble which has become the modern fighter's greatest occupational hazard.

Summer Soccer To Replace Cricket?

Quote of the week: "Cricket is a dying game in Britain. In 20 years I see it's no longer played here. It will have been replaced by Soccer as our national summer game. I see matches played in the evenings, Saturdays, and mid-week." The speaker—golfer Dai Rees, British Ryder Cup captain. He wasn't joking.

(Answers on Page 19)



Worst Golf Moments SLICED SHOTS COST MILLS £58 19s. 7d.

By JOHN INGHAM

IT happened at Estoril—and Ryder Cup golfer Peter Mills will never forget it. Playing in the Portuguese Open championship, Mills, in with a winning chance, started slicing.

DOWN IN EIGHT

In the third round he was three under fours when he walked on to the 14th tee. Then I knocked one into a tin millionaire's garden and out of bounds," recalled Mills.

"I played another ball and that went out of bounds as well. By then I was desperate and wondered if I was ever going to get away from the tee."

Including penalty shots, Mills had now played five off the tee; he held out in eight and finished the round in 73.

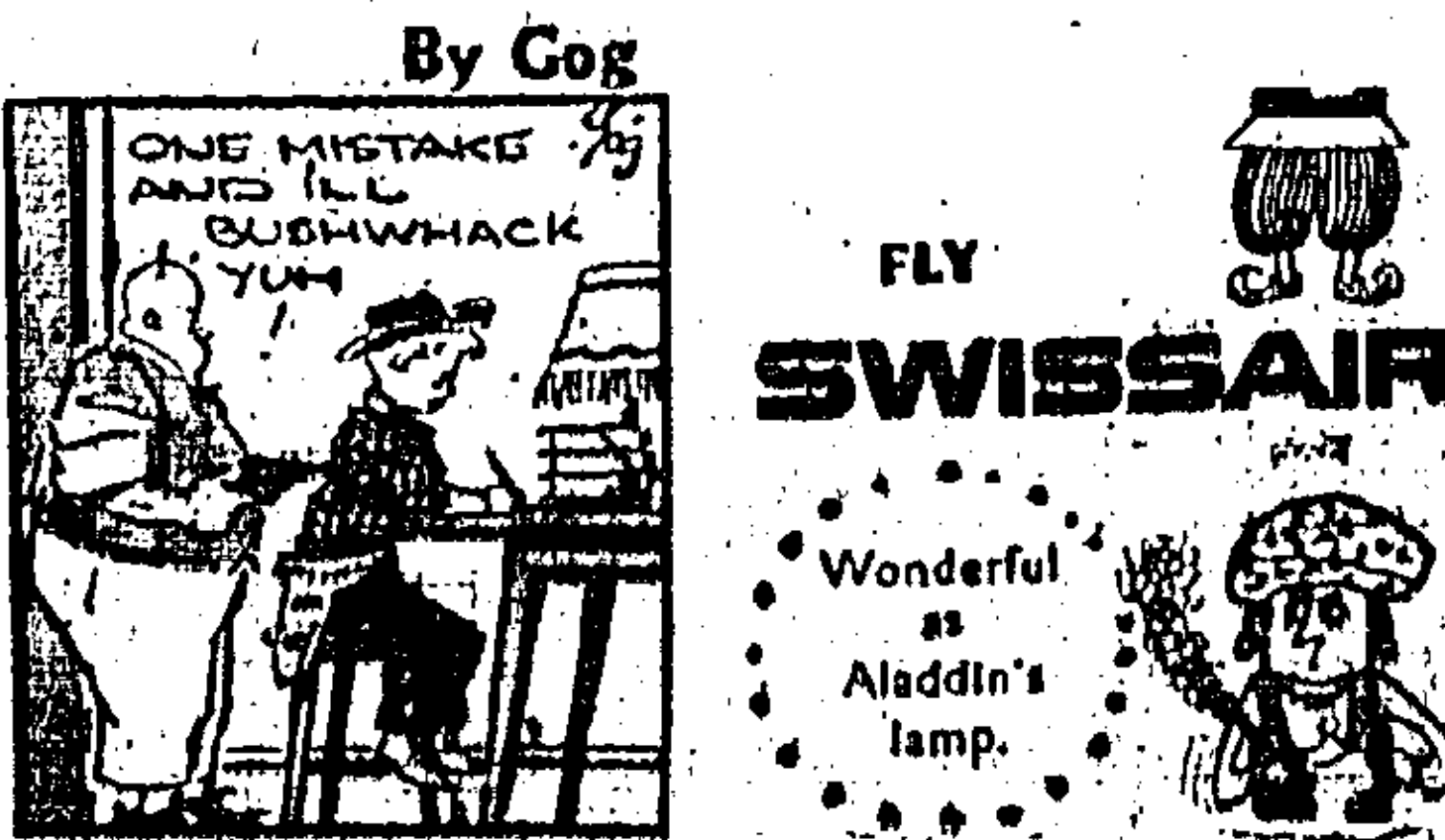
"That was my worst moment. A four would have given me a 69 and I should have won £69," said Mills. In fact, he collected £20 0s. 5d.

(London Express Service).

BETTER BUY BRAEMAR!



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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

What Influence Does Luck Or Bad Luck Have On Sporting Affairs?

"Oh.... bad luck".... "Our luck was right out".... "The other side had all the luck that was going".... "We were out of luck".

How often have you heard one or all of these expressions used in the aftermath of an important sporting event?

Luck has been bandied about as an excuse for defeat ever since sporting competition began and there is not the slightest doubt that it has also been 'blamed' for unfortunate happenings in every other sphere of life since the beginning of time. The practice will certainly go unchanged into the endless future that lies ahead.... but, is it always a reliable alibi for one's failure to achieve success?

Luck.... whatever it is.... is frequently invoked as an element more in disappointment than in logic, and I am going to let you into the 'secret' treatment I received recently behind the closed gates of a famous British football club's ground. It would do sportmen good to read the report thoroughly for it concerns one of the most enlightening affairs I have ever encountered in the length and breadth of sport.

The club was unexpectedly knocked out of the FA Cup and in the dressing room after the game the defeated players were bemoaning their luck. It is almost a tradition to turn to a defeated friend or opponent and reassure him with a "terrible ration of 'Bad Luck, old man, better luck next time'", and if that is what the vanquished soccerites expected from their manager they must have been pretty surprised when he quietly commented "Maybe it was luck, or lack of it, that caused our defeat today but we shall put it to the test on Monday".

Interesting Answer

At the time it seemed a cryptic enough remark. It probably gave rise to a great deal of speculation among the players during the week-end but they had a very quick and interesting answer when they reported to the ground on the following Monday morning.

When the players had assembled in the dressing room and had changed into training kit the manager called them together. The man who is the central figure in this story is one of the most respected club officials in the game. That respect is shared by his players and therefore they must have been all the more shaken by what he had to say.

From the privileged communication which I have received I quote, "In football

one gets used to winning and losing but we should never stop examining our efforts to see if we did as well as we should or as well as we could. I've been in the game a long time. More and more am I coming to the conclusion that 'bad luck' such as you all felt you experienced on Saturday, is being used as an excuse for inefficiency in our chosen profession as footballers. Maybe it's because we tackle our job the wrong way; maybe it's because we accept error and mistake too easily; or maybe it's because we don't strive hard enough to reach the comparable standard of efficiency which is demanded of other professionals.

Less Efficient

"On Saturday I followed every move in the game and far from our being unlucky I came to the decision that we lost simply because we were less efficient than our opponents, or, if you want it put another way, we made more mistakes than they did."

"Some of you who still remember the shot that went just wide, or the one that hit the cross-bar, or the time you slipped as you went to shoot, probably feel that I'm being unrealistic.... and you will all have your chance to prove me wrong for we're going out onto the pitch to test my theory on luck and inefficiency."

The manager, the coaches, the trainers and the players were trooping out onto the playing field and without any opponents defending the goal, they went through a long series of forward movements and attacks all of which were supposed to end with the ball in the back of the unguarded net.

Hard Facts

Do you think it worked out that way? Not on your sweet soccer life. The players had to react to the various situations just as they would have done against opposition in the heat of an important game. And, when a census was taken at the conclusion of the exercise, it was found that 27 out of 60 finishing efforts had NOT finished up in the goal!!!

Hard facts make stark realization easy and there must have been several shaken confidences when the manager re-assembled the players to analyze what had taken place. Once again I quote from the report which I have received. "Well boys.... there is my argument about luck well

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

demonstrated by your own efforts. As near as makes any odds 50% of all the chances you had out there were wasted. This time you can hardly blame your "lucky" opponents for you had none.... you can hardly say it was bad luck that in ideal playing circumstances made you miss every other scoring chance that came your way. The same argument is true of defensive mistakes and individual errors.... and all of them add up to the fact that as footballers we are simply inefficient.

"If a carpenter missed every second nail he tried to hit.... or an electrician fouled up every other joint.... or an air line pilot missed every other landing.... they would be considered pretty poor 'professionals' yet here are we trying to get away with the same ratio of mistakes by blaming it on luck.... or rather on bad luck".

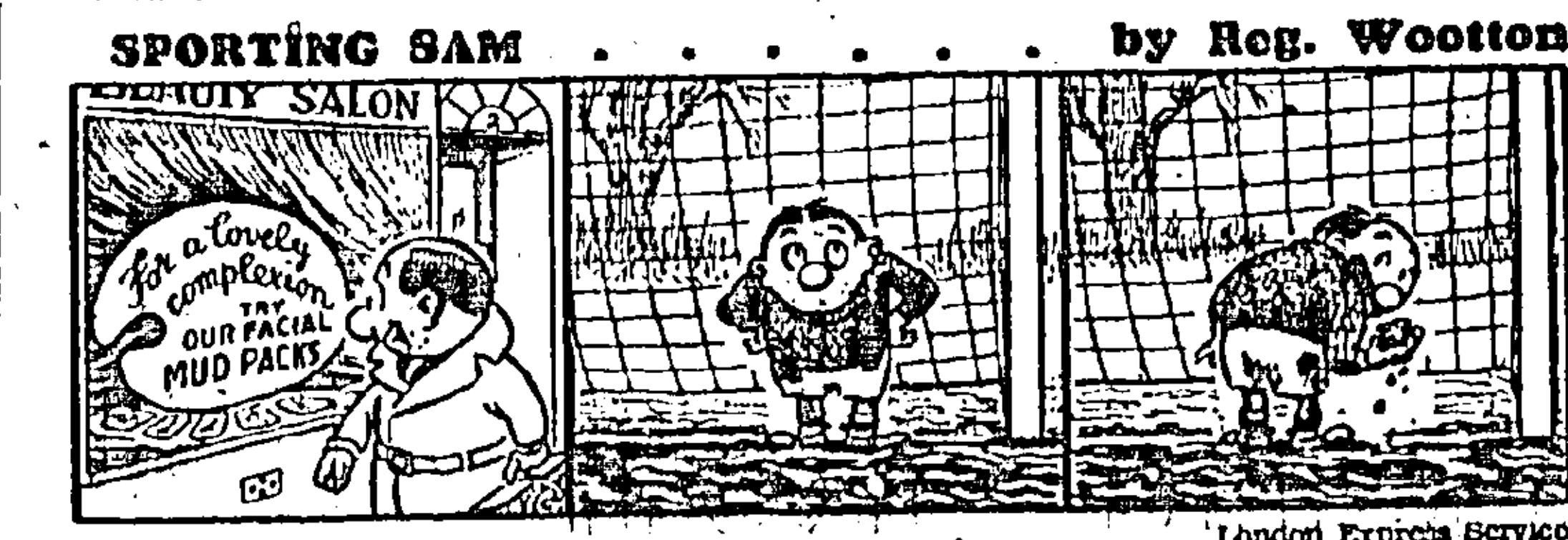
Food For Thought

Now, you may or may not agree with the way this team manager tackled the problem of his defeated team.... but I'm certain you will agree that there is plenty of food for serious thought both in the originality of his methods and the findings which they produced.

Quite apart from the football aspects of the story there is a lot which sportsmen and sports-women might think about. Is luck really the vital influence in sporting affairs which convention would have us believe? Or can it be that it is the traditional alibi which sportsmen of one generation hand on to those who follow them? Is luck as real or as fickle as many folks like to think? Have you noticed how often its contra influence is invoked by those who are defeated but how seldom it is honoured in victory? Makes you think.... doesn't it....???

★ ★ ★

The Colony's sportsman have always been ready to step into action in the good name of charity and once



again preliminary reports have come to hand regarding the annual boxing show in aid of the Earl Haig Fund.

This event has long been established as one of the top attractions of the winter sports season. Some-how the worthiness of the cause has always brought the best out of the invited boxers and at the same time it has encouraged the fans to dig

It was a top class affair and the congratulations of the sporting community are due to the organizers. The South China Morning Post, to the officials of the Regal Hongkong Golf Club; to men of foresight like Kim Hall; and to the golfers who came this way to give the project such a wonderful inauguration. The big question in many minds now is whether the event will become an annual one and whether we shall see it grow to become a great international tournament with a ready place in the engagement books of the golfing stars of the world.

Potential Is There

The potential is there and I know that the professionals who came for last week-end's competition were delighted with the treatment they received. They appreciated the hospitality that was extended to them, and finally they praised the conditions under which they were required to play.

The whole two days were highlighted by excellent achievements on the course and by a glittering social round off it.

One of the happiest men involved in the tournament was Bill Hitchens who, down through the years has contributed so much to Colony golf.

Quite apart from his participation in the competition Bill showed himself to be a most astute judge of what would be required to win the top prize. When I wrote in these columns that Bill had given it as his opinion that 280 would be good enough for victory I was told by others that Bill was probably a stroke a round too high and that 276 might be nearer the mark.

The final results showed how accurate Bill's forecast was. The winner's total was one above his original estimate.

★ ★ ★

.... and now for this week's 'tale-wagger'.... The quote of the week....

13-15 Bouts

The 1959 Earl Haig Boxing Tournament will be held at the Macpherson Stadium, Kowloon on Friday 27th, February and once again the Hongkong Amateur Boxing Association is working tirelessly to make sure that this year's card is the best which current resources will permit.

According to the latest available information the programme will comprise thirteen to fifteen bouts and there is a possibility that we shall again see one of these popular 'Babyweight' contests between pint sized pugilists of the future.

The date for Earl Haig Friday 27th February.... make a note of it in your diary. All charity minded sportsmen will want to be present.

★ ★ ★

Last week-end Hongkong's first ever professional golf tournament was staged at Fanling.

CHANGES IN GOLF LAWS?

By DEREK JOHN

The announcement that the United States and Great Britain will get together in May to review the rules of golf forebushes a revised code from 1959 onwards. I believe there will be some major changes.

The Rules Committee of both countries spend a tremendous amount of time settling queries, and this shows the need for rewording and clarifying certain rules, and for trying to agree on a simpler solution for those which are most difficult to interpret.

In America, there is probably a large majority in favour of reducing the penalty for out of bounds to loss of distance only. In Britain, the question is viewed that way, although on certain courses with internal out of bounds, permission to opt out might be given.

Although the flagstick rule has decided well, a player who has decided to have it unattended may, at present, change his mind after his ball is in motion, and vice-versa. But it was never the intention to allow him the best of two worlds.

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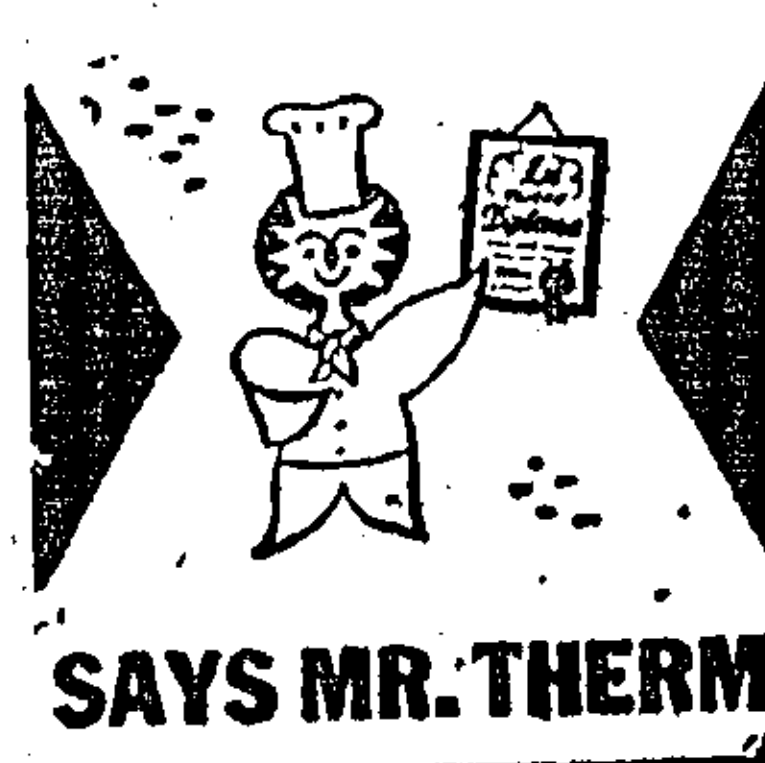
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THE GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby



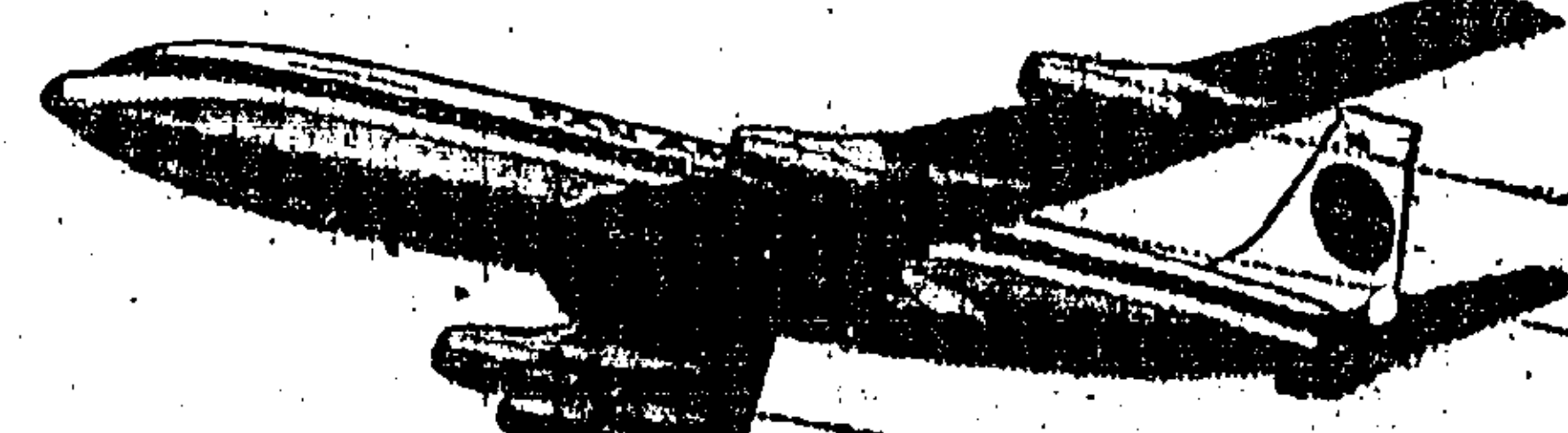
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CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1959.

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL SNORKEL PEN

92,000 DEATHS REPORTED IN 1958 Huge Accident Toll In America

New York, Feb. 6.
About 92,000 Americans died as a result of accidents in 1958, 37,000 of them in car crashes, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The overall figure was about 3,000 fewer than the 95,000 who died in accidents in 1957. There were also 1,000 fewer deaths as a result of car accidents than in the previous year.

"It appears likely from data available that the death rate per 100 million passenger miles reached a new low level," the report added.

"Nevertheless, motor vehicle accidents in 1958, as in prior years, accounted for more than two-fifths of the total accident rate."

Homes

Accidents in and around the home caused about 27,000 deaths in 1958.

The company reports that catastrophes, defined as accidents in which five or more people are killed, caused nearly 1,600 deaths in the United States in 1958, or about 100 fewer than in 1957.

For the first time since 1949, there was no single disaster causing as many as 100 deaths. The nearest total was the 93 children and nuns killed in the Chicago school fire on December 1.

Aircraft

Four of the 1958 disasters involved aircraft.

On February 1, two military aircraft, collided over Los Angeles, killing 48 people. In April, an airliner and a military jet aircraft collided near Las Vegas, Nevada, killing 49 people. Later that same month, 47 people were killed in an airliner crash near Midland, Michigan, and in August, 25 people died when a passenger aircraft crashed at Nantucket Island.

The worst toll in a railway accident was 49 lives lost when a passenger train plunged into Newark Bay, New Jersey, on September 15.

The only natural disaster occurred early in June when a group of tornadoes struck northwest Wisconsin, claiming 30 lives.—China Mail Special.

\$200,000 CLAIM AGAINST TYRONE POWER'S ESTATE

Hollywood, Feb. 6.

The attorney for the late Tyrone Power's two daughters said he will file a \$200,000 claim today against the actor's estate.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley; 11:30, The Moonstone Episode 1, "The Legacy," Dramatized by Howard Egan from novel by Wilkie Collins; 12 noon, Time Time; 12:30 p.m., Three Men on a Mule, 1, Keyboard Capers, 1-15, Weather Report, News and Special Announcements; 1:30, Melachino Selections; 2, Saturday Requests, presented by Nick Kendall; 3, Song Hits of 1958; 3:30, John Diamond Adventure; 4, Song of the Prairie; 4:30, Rhythm Parade; 5, Unit Requests, presented by Audrey, 6, Birthday Mailbox; 6:30, Meet the Stars; 7, Time Signal and News; 7:30, Weather Forecast, Announcements and Interlude; 7:45, Fiesta Time; 8:30, Jazz is Where You Find It by Nick Kendall; 9, Song Time; 9:30, Voice of Sport; 10, Top Tunes of the Week; 10:30, From Macmillan's; 11, From Betty Quartet, Host: Nick Kendall; 11:30, The Old Man Says No, Comedy by Macmillan; 11:35, Dance Party; Host: Ray Cordell; 11:55, Stop Press; 11:55, Dance Party; 11:55, Rugby Union Football, Scotland v. Wales; 12:30, Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m., Highway Patrol; 2:30, Eddie Cantor Show; 3, Chinese Feature, "The Short Way Out," starring Roy Chan; 4:30, Tagboat Anchor; 5, Children's Hour; 5:15, Puppets on a Stick, by Calvin Wong; 5:30, Texas Rangers; 6, Close Down; 7:30, Saturday Variety. Viewers can see another Digit A Day lucky number holder trying for \$100 cash prizes. 8, Entry Queen; 8:30, Bob Cummings Show; 9, Newsreel; 9:15, Sunbeams; 9:40, Feature: Kent Taylor, Peggy Foucault in "Half Past Midnight"; 11, Late Night Final.

NEW CAR PARKING ALARM

Berne, Feb. 6.
Swiss watch - making firms are now producing a new key-chain gadget which has a built-in parking alarm.
The alarm is set at the moment the motorist puts his coin in a parking-meter, and can be set for a range of times.
It is only slightly bigger than a penny, and its on-to key ring quite easily.—China Mail Special.

Franco-German Tank Project

Bonn, Feb. 6.
Herr Franz Josef Strauss, West German Defence Minister, said today a prototype of a Franco-German "European tank" would be ready in the first half of 1959.

He told a press conference the tank, being built jointly by German and French firms, would be lighter and faster than the American M48 tank now in service with the West German army.—Reuter.

Senator Humphrey Replies To 'THE MAN WHO PROTESTS TOO MUCH'

Washington, Feb. 6.

Senator Hubert Humphrey today replied to Nikita Khrushchev's personal attack on him by telling the Senate: "Methinks Premier Khrushchev doth protest too much."

The Soviet leader has denied that he gave any secrets to the Democratic Senator during their eight-hour Moscow meeting last December.

The Senator said on his return from the Soviet Union that he had learned from the Soviet Prime Minister to President Eisenhower.

Hysteria

Khrushchev denounced Senator Humphrey's "fabrications" about differences between the Soviet Union and China.

Today Mr. Humphrey took the Senate floor to declare: "This outburst of controlled hysteria from the Soviet leader indicates a high degree of insecurity in the relationships between Soviet Russia and the Chinese."
"I am surprised that he would

go so much trouble and to such a high pitch of vituperation."
Adapting a familiar Shakespeare line, Mr. Humphrey said: "Methinks Premier Khrushchev doth protest too much."

"He is obviously under tremendous pressure from within his own party and from the Chinese leaders to disavow statements he made respecting Soviet economic policy and relationships between the Soviet leaders and the Chinese leaders."

Objective

The Senator said his public statements about his long interview with Khrushchev had been "factual and objective" and his reports to the Government complete and detailed.

He said his only purpose was to lessen tensions and improve relations between the two nations.—Reuter.

Jimmy Edwards Films Going To America

by ANDREW SLOAN

This summer, the BBC will begin an experiment which they hope will mark the advent of British TV films in America.

Yesterday I learned from Mr. Ronnie Waldman, Business Manager of the BBC's television programmes, that they will be sending a pilot film of a typical British comedy, for trial showing over American networks.

The film entitled, "Whacko," stars the TV and radio comic, Jimmy Edwards of "Take It From Here" fame. "It is a sheer delight," said Mr. Waldman. "It should do well with the American audiences."

New Ideas

At present Mr. Waldman is on a round-the-world exploratory trip looking into world-wide sales of TV films, and he is also looking for new ideas.

He said that almost everywhere there is television, the market is dominated by American films. "I feel that in the British Commonwealth there should be more British films."

The 44-year-old TV executive, who has been with the BBC for 21 years, said he felt that Hong Kong would be a very successful centre for a series of TV

shows, for sale on the world market. But he stressed this is only an idea.

His job with BBC-TV makes him responsible for practically all the light entertainment side of production. Mr. Waldman has been instrumental in getting such big American stars as Harry Belafonte and Jack Benny to appear on British TV programmes.

Mr. Waldman who has been in show business all his life, began as an actor. "But," he said, "I turned to producing, because I could not mind my own business."

He joined the BBC in 1939, and after the war, he went back in 1948, he was transferred to the TV section of the BBC.

How It Began

For a short time, he was producer of the famous war-time show, "Itma," which starred the late Tommy Handley. "It was during the war," he said, "that a funny thing happened to me."

General Dwight D. Eisenhower asked to have a joint British-Canadian-American show for the invasion forces.

Mr. Waldman became responsible for the British side of production. The show was called the AEF Forces Show (Allied Expeditionary Forces Show). He found himself with an Army sergeant-major called George Melachino leading the British band, and an American called Glen Miller, at the head of the American band.

"That was the beginning of the Melachino orchestra," he said.

In 65 Days

Mr. Waldman will be leaving Hong Kong today for Sydney. So far he has been to New York, Ottawa, Hollywood, Honolulu, Tokyo, and after leaving Sydney he will visit Melbourne, Canberra, Singapore, Delhi, Bombay, Rome, and return to London.

He began the tour on January 7, and he should finish by March 12. "Around the world in 65 days. Not bad."

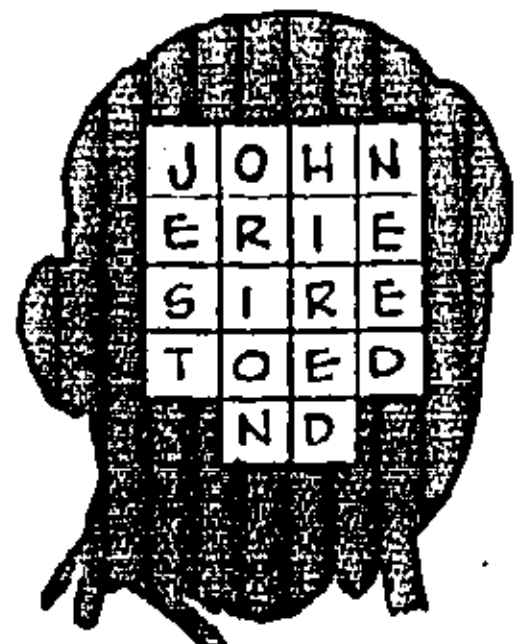
BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

COOLIDGE REBUS: Plymouth; Goodhue; Witter; World Court.

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE: Calvin Coolidge succeeded to the presidency on the death of Warren G. Harding.

BACKWARD LOOKS: Boston police strike; Governor; Reduced national debt.

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